THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THROUGH THE GRAVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am drifting, slowly drifting,
With the changing waves of time;
Every scene around me shifting,
And each moment more sublime,
As I near the great eternal,
Passing on to the supernal
Through the grave.

On each shore are hidden treasures,
'Neath the waves rare jewels play;
Time bears on in rapid measures—
I to seek them may not stay;
For my home is the eternal,
And I pass to the supernal
Through the grave.

Sometimes on the foamy billow,
Sometimes in the sinking sand,
Weary head can find no pillow,
Weary feet can find no land;
But I'm nearer the eternal,
Passing on to the supernal
Through the grave.

Dark the clouds that float above me,
Fierce the winds that round me play;
Changing waves that ever move me
Drifting—here I may not stay.
For I see the great eternal,
And I press to the supernal
Through the grave.

Darker still the skies that cover,
Icy chill the waters now;
Angel wings above me hover,
Angels smooth the death-pale brow.
Lo! I enter the eternal,
And I pass to joys supernal
Through the grave!

Woodside. S. L. R.

HEARTS ERRANT.

Amongst so many gentlemen it was a little hard that Colonel St. Maur should fall to Olive's share at the dinner-table, and harder still that he would persist in holding all his conversation with her in that soft, suppressed, confidential tone which she so particularly disliked. It was quite in vain that she raised her own voice in reply; he continued to remark that the soup was hot, and to praise the turbot, and recommend the jelly, in exactly the same impressive manner in which he would have whispered tender secrets, or confided to her the deepest feelings of his heart.

And all the time, from the opposite side of the table, Lady Theodosia, as Olive could see, was watching the two, and drawing conclusions which were pretty plainly stamped upon her face. Olive's cheeks burned with fresh vexation. She tried to join in the conversation of her neighbor on the other side, a dashing young officer of hussars, who was engaged in a gay tilt of words with his other young lady companion, and soon found herself drawn into an animated exchange of *badinage*, in which Colonel St. Maur contrived to take his part. The dread of falling back into the sort of *tête à tête* confidences she disliked so much, forced her into an unusual animation, which she presently saw, by the index of Lady Theodosia's opposite face, was over-shooting the mark.

"*Qui veut trop prouver ne prouve rien.*"

Colonel St. Maur said it, in reply to something the hussar officer had advanced; but Olive had an uncomfortable conviction that it was meant for her private consideration, if not for Lady Theodosia's, for the colonel's voice had been raised to say it, and the utterance had been more clear and deliberate than was necessary for a nearer ear.

She took refuge, after dinner, at her aunt's side; but the duchess called on her for some music, and it was Colonel St. Maur who led her to the piano, and turned over her pages. How was it that neither here nor in Switzerland she could escape this man's companionship? The annoyance she felt trembled in her voice as she sang, and confirmed still further the false impression which she dreaded.

A skating party had been arranged for the next day. Olive would gladly have remained at home, now that she found Colonel St. Maur was to join it, but that could scarcely be, without appearing capricious and silly. For this party had been under discussion for some days, reports of the state of the ice having been brought in every morning, skates sent for from London, and skating dresses provided by the ladies. Olive, who fully enjoyed the exercise, had taken great interest in the plan, and the fitting of the skates had brought many pleasant jests on the Cinderella-like dimensions of her little feet. She could not withdraw from the arrangement after having been so completely identified with it.

They started to walk to the lake, which was about a mile from the house, a noisy, exuberant band, presently breaking up into twos and threes, and dotting the wide wintry-looking park with spots of color, from the scarlet, blue, or purple appointments of the ladies. It could hardly be by chance that in this breaking up, as well as subsequently throughout the day, Colonel St. Maur was left to escort Olive. There seemed to be a sort of tacit understanding amongst the party to leave these two together. Even Charley Brabazon, a frank, bright-faced boy, who had hitherto constituted himself Olive's esquire, perhaps because, being small and gentle-mannered, she caused him to feel more at ease in those despised jackets of his, yielded up her skates to Colonel St. Maur, after she had especially whispered him, Charley, to fetch them and fasten them on for her. And Clara, who must have seen how Olive sought her protection, mercilessly left her to her disagreeable fate. It was a lovely day, clear and bright, with a defiant dash of sunshine bravely planting its standard in the midst of the sleety-blue forces of conquering winter. The lake lay like a sea-green island amidst a white ocean of snow, and the dark edges of cypress and cedar just opened up here and there where the invading snow dropped under the sun's steady cannonade.

But all the beauty and delight of the day were obscured to Olive behind the shadow of Colonel St. Maur, and so, for the next two or three days, she could by no means struggle as she might to escape from the sort of silent current which seemed to be drawing her into a position to the danger of which she was fully alive, and which was inexpressibly painful and annoying to her. She could not help feeling, with a good deal of indignation, that there was a great want of generosity in the man's conduct; he was taking advantage of the delusion under which the whole party evidently labored, and he would not set her free from the bondage under which he could see she chafed and fretted; he would neither withdraw himself nor speak the few words which would give her the power of freeing herself. Sometimes she felt tempted in a sort of desperation to ask him what it all meant—why he persisted in a line of conduct which he well knew was so utterly distasteful to her. But at least it would have been awkward to have thus challenged him to a declaration, as she recognised so soon as the temptation was past. She was tied and bound hand and foot by circumstances which she could not control.

The pleasantest time in all these worrying days was the hour between the five o'clock tea and the first dressing-bell. This hour Olive always spent with Miss Ursula in her own room. She was passing along the corridor one afternoon, feeling rather more disturbed than usual, and longing for the rest of this quiet hour, when the duchess, meeting her at the head of the stairs, stopped to tell her smilingly—

"How very charming your friend is, my dear! We have to thank you very much for so pleasant an acquaintance. It is a long time since I have met with such an agreeable man."

She had no time for any kind of protest, although in her vexed confusion one rose to her lips. But, after all, what could she say? She could not answer the manner which implied so much more than the words, and the words themselves were unanswerable. She passed on to her aunt's room, and entered it with a vexed and troubled face. Miss Ursula was sitting quietly by the fire, with her knitting in her hand, and although the smile with which she greeted her faded before the trouble in the sweet little face, she made no comment. Olive sat down on her accustomed seat, the ottoman, at her aunt's feet, and resting her chin on her hand, looked moodily into the fire. She felt entangled in a sort of net which everybody seemed to conspire to throw about her feet. She felt more and more bewildered and perplexed. The duke, the duchess, Lady Theodosia, even Clarie, all seemed in a sort of plot, of which she was the victim. Miss Ursula looked anxiously down on the silent little figure at her feet; she stooped, and taking the bent head between both her hands, turned it round until the truthful eyes met her own in a long, comprehensive gaze; then she released it, and the anxious, worried lines smoothed themselves out of her own brow.

Olive started quickly to her feet.

"Oh, Aunt Ursula," she cried impulsively, "not you! Surely you have never misunderstood me?"

"No, my love. I thought it was not possible, but I have wondered."

"And so have I," cried Olive impatiently. I am wondering now. What is it, Aunt Ursula? What does it all mean? Let us go away. I cannot bear it any longer; it feels like a hateful, perplexing plot. Surely we can go away—you and I, at least—we have been so long from home, it is quite reasonable that we should be anxious to get back. Cannot we go to-morrow?"

"Scarcely," Miss Ursula shook her head; "but in two or three days."

"The day after to-morrow, then."

But it was in the books that they should leave on the morrow.

A telegram announcing the dangerous illness of Lady Arthur found Miss Ursula yet in her bed. She had been prevented from accompanying them on this visit, greatly to her vexation, by an attack of influenza, and having imprudently hurried her recovery, inflammation of the lungs had supervened, and her attendants hastily summoned her friends. Within an hour of the receipt of the telegram, and before any other of the Arlingford guests had left their rooms, Miss Ursula and her nieces were on their way to the railway station, Olive, at least, rejoicing in a sense of deliverance which, for the moment, swallowed up every other feeling.

CHAPTER XVI.

CISSY'S AUTO-DA-FE.

From January to May, from princely Arlingford to the dirty, dingy town where Cissy Holmby has all this time been growing up to the dignity of her sweet womanhood, these are long steps, yet we leap fearlessly from one stepping-stone to the other, leaving the ever-running stream of time to patter along between them, and asking, as yet, no account of it.

On a May evening, then, just as the sun was slanting towards the west, a train from the south ran into the smoke-begrimed station of Eyretown, and disgorged a crowd of passengers on to the platform, which straightway presented the animated appearance of a disturbed ant-hill. Wild, hurrying creatures were calling out for luggage; praying busy porters to tell them if this were the train for B———, and C———, and F——— (Eyretown was a junction); hurrying distractedly about at the clanging of an ear-piercing bell, and, in fact producing as much noise and confusion as the time would admit of. Through this impeding mass of human life a tall, broad-shouldered traveller, bearing a black leather bag in his hand, pushed his way with a sort of leisurely good-nature which betrayed his Hibernian descent. His black suit and white tie gave a clerical promise which his athletic frame and profusion of tawny whiskers almost contradicted.

Mr. Julius—for he it was—made his way, at last, to the outside of the station, and stood there for a few seconds looking dubiously up and down the wide street before him, and shaking his head resolutely at the row of fly-drivers who had pounced upon him at the first moment of his appearance as their awful prey, and clamorously demanded to take him to all the hotels in the town, besides a few country districts which he had no present inclination to visit. When he finally walked away, bag in hand, these disappointed candidates honored him with certain obituary notices after the following style:

"I knowed it wouldn't do; he be a parson."

"Lor' bless you, he can't afford to ride—he can't."

"I'm blessed if he knows his way; he'll lose hisself up High street, portmanty and all. Wouldn't be a bad look-out to go along arter him and pick him up."

So far as losing his way went, Mr. Julius appeared to be in no danger, since he seemed to have no particular route in view, and so much time to spare that on reaching the bridge over the canal he set down his bag, and resting his two arms on the stone parapet stood there, looking over into the water. Not that there was much to see. A coal-barge drawn slowly and toilsomely along by a couple of horses on the towing-path; a black, grim-looking man on the deck of the barge; a woman who had removed her bonnet and sat in her uncombed hair, out of compliment, as it seemed, to a picnic meal of tea and bread-and-butter and onions, which she had spread on the head of a cask, and had set herself with all good will to enjoy—all this did not look very interesting, and yet it must have been so or Mr. Julius would not have lingered there—he who had been so impatient on the downward journey to exchange the green meadows and cornfields, the woods of brown and green and fawn-colored stems just rustling into tender green leaves, all the spring beauty and sweetness, in fact, for the hideous black chimneys and large-mouthed furnaces belching out smoke and flame. And this because these unsightly things belonged to his journey's end. He watched until the barge had passed under the arch of the bridge, then he crossed over to the other side and waited for it to emerge again. Then he took up his bag with a little jerk and marched resolutely on, saying to himself—

"What a coward you are!"

He said it quite fiercely, contemptuously, and his scorn of himself seemed to do him good, for he asked a man the nearest way to St. Andrew's Parsonage, and walked along in the path indicated with a quick, resolute step. Presently he stopped another man and asked again—

"The way to St. Andrew's Parsonage?"

"There it be, sir, at the end of the street, close to the church."

He slackened his pace, for he was getting warm, and of all things he desired to arrive cool and collected. He wondered what made his heart first thump so against his waistcoat, and then flutter down to his toes, and why he was out of breath so much sooner than usual. The bag was not so heavy, after all; and then being close to the parsonage gate, and being rather hotter than cooler, he turned and walked slowly back along the way he had come, much to the astonishment of the man who had just directed him, and who, having nothing better to do, had turned to watch him safely to his destination. This officious individual now seeing matters going, as he supposed, so very wrong, bustled down the street and met the recreant passenger.

"Why, sir, you've been quite close up to the parsonage, and come away again, you have."

"Dear me, have I?" asked Mr. Julius, with a very good imitation of unconsciousness.

"Yes, sir, that you have. I'll walk with you and show you."

Thus escorted, there was no help for it, and Mr. Julius arrived at the door of St. Andrew's in a violent state of perspiration.

A little girl, with a brown straw hat on her head, was walking up and down the flagged path between the garden gate and the open door of the house, reaping a great harvest of glory from some childish spectators by reason of a new wax doll which she carried in her arms. She looked at the big stranger with those wide-opened, unembarrassed, innocent eyes which are so confusing to a hot, flurried man like him, and then, turning, preceded him to the door.

"If you ring that bell," she volunteered, "Sarah will come; she's cutting the bread-and-butter for tea."

He pulled the little green knob indicated, and in the pause which ensued was only prevented from running away by the steady, policeman-like guard of the little maiden.

"What a pretty doll!" he said, willing to propitiate the guard.

"Yes," she said, glancing for an instant at dolly, and then coming back to her unabated scrutiny. Evidently she distrusted him—perhaps he was a runaway ring.

"Do you know papa?" she asked, in the prolongation of that dreadful pause.

"No," he said, feeling desperate at his position and her evident suspicion, "but I want to see him."

"Oh," she said, turning her doll over on its back and tying a string, "he'll see you—he sees everybody, *even tramps!*"

How he envied the little creature her perfect nonchalance and composure!

Sarah now came to the door.

"Mr. Holby?"

"Mr. Holmby's not at home, sir—but mistress is." Then seeing his hesitation, she added, "But master will be in in about ten minutes, if you like to wait, sir."

Yes, he would wait. He caught eagerly at the respite. The maid ushered him into a neat little study, where the carefully-arranged writing-table, the shaded lamp, and comfortable arm-chair, the book-shelves stored with choice volumes, the orderly papers, all betrayed the loving care which surrounded the master of the household. If poor Mr. Julius could have counted on an hour of rest in this quiet retreat, he might have had a chance to regain his nerve, but the time was too short, and it was a *mauvais quart d'heure* which he passed before Mr. Holmby made his appearance.

He had come all the way from Chadleigh to tell Cissy of the love which had been growing and deepening in these eighteen months of absence, which would have killed a less tenacious growth. His love had had little sustenance enough, but a very little was sufficient to keep it alive: it had such a strong vitality of its own. He had bought, in one of his visits to London, a painting of a Hebe, and had spent a quarter's salary to get it, because the face was just like that which had looked at him with such innocent gratitude one never-to-be-forgotten morning at Armytage Park.

His little gift of wild flowers had brought a message of thanks faithfully delivered by Olive, and as the winter went on he had gathered and classified a small caseful of mosses, which by the same friendly aid had found their way to Cissy, and this had produced again more than one message, every word of which was treasured up in his great honest heart. And now a piece of good fortune had come to him. The rector of Chadleigh had resigned his charge on account of confirmed ill-health, and having ample means had not thought fit to keep an abler man from the "hire" of which the laborer is worthy, and he had therefore given back his cure into Miss Ursula's hands, the sole patron. And Miss Ursula, knowing that none could be found worthier to fill the good rector's place than the curate who had worked faithfully under him gave the vacant living to Mr. Julius.

And Mr. Julius straightway installed his Hebe (in imagination) in the pretty vicarage house. He pictured her there, filling the rooms with the sunshine of her bright presence, making each hearth home to him, until the thing which he thought by day and dreamed by night seemed to his raised hopes already assured. And one day, when his imagination was more than usually exalted on this inspiring theme, he threw himself into a train, and travelled with scarcely-restrained impatience to Eyretown. It was not until he found himself actually face to face with all the difficulties of this hasty step that he suddenly recognized he had only been dreaming, and that a formidable array of doubts and fears lay between him and the realization of his tender visions.

He conjured up all sorts of dreadful possibilities. What if he were too late—if Cissy had already given away her heart? What if she should resent the presumption of this sudden, unannounced arrival! He had been so happy in his airy castles that he had never thought of these things; now he was overwhelmed with an exaggerated dread of failure.

Besides, he felt his present position to be absurd. How was he to introduce himself and his errand without being dangerously premature? And he had not given himself a chance of feeling his way beforehand. Why had he not brought an introduction from Miss Bankes to her friends, merely a polite, friendly introduction which did not betray his real object too soon? In his stupid impetuosity he had just ruined himself. To appear thus, travelling-bag in hand, as if sure of a reception! He could have beaten himself for his indelicate, inconsiderate folly!

But here he was, seated in Mr. Holmby's study, and in five minutes—no, he looked at his watch, and broke out into a cold perspiration—in *two* minutes Mr. Holmby would be here, and he would have to give an account of his presence there. He sketched as well as the flurry of his mind would let him, all sorts of introductory speeches, every one so perfectly ridiculous and unsatisfactory that at last, fairly bewildered, he decided to leave it all alone and trust to some happy chance to speak the right words at the right moment, which is, after all, the best way in all such cases, and turned out to be so in this. Mr. Holmby was not at all alarming; he had Cissy's violet eyes, and enough of Cissy's half-shy simplicity of manner to reassure the quaking lover, or perhaps to inspire him. After the first few awkward, uncertain words, the dignity of a true feeling found voice and expression, and Mr. Julius was not long in placing himself and his hopes very favorably before Mr. Holmby.

"I have already heard of Mr. Julius," that gentleman courteously remarked, as soon as he had recovered his astonishment at the revelation just accorded him.

Mr. Julius colored high.

"Not from my daughter though," added Mr. Holmby, smiling a little. "I tell you frankly that I believe you have your way to make with her—entirely. But an old college companion of yours is my curate—Wraxall is his name—and at the time of my daughter's return from Chadleigh, he spoke of you in a way which makes me glad to make your acquaintance. Wraxall is a great favorite of ours." He mused a moment. "You might find it less awkward to present yourself here at first under cover of Wraxall."

Mr. Julius, be it understood, had already confessed some of his sense of having rushed into a rash, if not a fatal, position. But he had grown bolder now.

"Thank you," he said, "but I think I will just take all the risks. 'Faint heart,' you know."

That sentence, "Wraxall is a great favorite of ours," had raised a sudden little demon of jealousy. With *whom* was he such a favorite? Could it be with Cissy? No, he would not be indebted to Wraxall for a favorable reception. He would stand on his own merits. At least it would be more likely to advance his cause with Miss Holmby—he called her Cissy when he talked to himself—that she should know he had come thither on her account, than that she should think any Wraxall had brought him.

Presently a bell rang out in the hall, and was succeeded by the patter of innumerable feet on the staircase. Mr. Holmby looked at his guest.

"That is the tea-bell," he said. "Will you come?"

He opened the study door, and our lover found himself encompassed by a Lilliputian crowd, in the midst of which he was borne into an opposite parlor. There was a sweet-faced, gentle-looking lady sitting by the window with some needlework in her hand; there was a tea-table set with more little mugs and saucers and thicker slices of bread-and-butter than Mr. Julius had seen since the long-ago days when he made one of a certain Miss Popple's twelve "young gentlemen." There was a copy of Raphael's "Madonna" over the fireplace, and a bronze group of wonderful beauty on a bracket under a print of Correggio's "La Notte" on the side wall. But Mr. Julius saw none of these things: he saw only the figure of Cissy standing at the teatray and filling a large teapot with boiling water from a bright kettle in her hand. She looked up in calm surprise at the unexpected entry of the whilom curate; then she set the kettle back again on the hearth, and coming forward with only a little heightened color in her cheeks, gave him her hand, and presented him to her mother. Had she dropped the kettle, although that would have entailed a great deal of inconvenience, and might even have scalded half-a-dozen little brothers and sisters, Mr. Julius was so abominably selfish that he would have rejoiced, but this calm reception sent his hopes down to zero, and renewed all his vanquished tremors.

"She would have done it for Wraxall" (i.e. dropped the kettle,) he muttered to himself, and he gnashed his teeth mentally at the unoffending Wraxall. He was having the disease very favorably, with all the orthodox and recognized symptoms.

Seated amongst the swarming juvenile population his nervousness took the form of exaggerated personality. He had never been so overpoweringly conscious of his own size. He seemed to grow larger and larger over moment; he felt like a Brobdingnagian giant amongst his Lilliputian neighbors. And thus when he would gladly have vanished from sight altogether, the kind assiduities of a small creature on his right hand—Ben by name—and the gentle attention of Mrs. Holmby, did, by the time he had arrived at his second cup of tea, reduce him to bearable proportions, but he felt for the rest of the meal as if he had passed through a crisis of elephantiasis. By-and-by he felt small enough to glance at Cissy, who, from a central position on the opposite side of the table, commanded the distribution of the bread-and-butter. Before he rose from the table he had mastered all

the details of the violet ribbon which tied back her sunny brown hair, of the gray dress which set off her bright complexion so well, and even of the little brooch—a shell of jet—which fastened the smooth white linen collar at her throat. Everything about her seemed marvellous to him; perhaps other ladies wore brooches, and ribbons, and collars, but surely *they* had not about them the wonderful fitness and perfection of these, at least he had never noticed it if they had. He watched Cissy after tea as she moved about amongst the little ones, for this was the "children's hour," and there was to be no return to the nursery before bedtime; and he strove in vain to understand what it was about her—that mysterious something—which he had never seen in any other woman. It was the Cissy of the Armytage days grown into an older Cissy—the same, and yet so different! The free, girlish ease had given place to a womanly grace and dignity which were very lovely to him; the bright young face had taken a more thoughtful shade; the half-shy, half-eager glance had settled into a sweet composure. He was glad that the Cissy of those old, dear days was thus, as it were, merged into the present Cissy; he could not have born to lose that sweet girlish memory altogether. Lose her? Ay, but might he not have lost her already? How could he dare to hope that this fair rose of womanhood had been left in all its sweetness for *him?* Wraxall —— He set little Ben on the ground with such sudden fierceness that the boy looked up in his face all surprise; then, seeing nothing there but returning good-humor, clambered back to his place on his knee, and, pulling mercilessly at the two ends of his white necktie, fearlessly demanded "another story."

Now the parsonage had no spare bedroom; it was crammed as full as it could hold, and was very much in the condition of the shoe in which the old dame in the nursery tale was supposed to live. By no possible amount of compression on the part of the small inhabitants could space enough be made to stow away a guest for the night in the house, although Ben did generously offer his own crib for the accommodation of the gentleman who had held him on his knee all the evening, and told him such wonderful stories of lions and tigers and other devouring beasts as made that same crib appear to his excited imagination anything but a safe or pleasant retreat for himself. So quarters were engaged at a neighboring hotel for Mr. Julius, and Mr. Holmby hospitably escorted him thither. Cissy, who had said "good night" and retired to her own room long before this, often coming out on the staircase to listen for the guest's departure, when the hall-door finally—after an hour which seemed very long to her—closed on Mr. Julius and her father, came softly back down the stairs, and, turning the handle of the parlor-door, startled her mother from a dream into which she had fallen—a dream in which she saw, first a little toddling child, her firstborn, with rings of golden hair nestling into its little neck, and laughing blue eyes that looked straight into the mother's heart, and then a bonnie little lassie trying to grow staid and steadfast, as became the high importance of the eldest of the family. And whilst her lips were smiling at the pleasant dream, and a tender moisture gathered on her eyelids, there crept to her side a sweet maiden, who folded her in her loving arms, and whispered—

"Dear, darling mamma, send him away. Tell him it is quite useless. I shall never marry. I have seen so much of men (!), and I know that nobody is to be trusted, excepting dear papa, of course. And so, mamma, I mean to stay always with you. And I think he, Mr. Julius, ought to know it at once."

"Well, my love," reasoned the mother, who scarcely knew whether to be most pleased or disappointed at this profession of disbelief, "would it not be rather ungracious to Mr. Julius, who has shown really quite a beautiful constancy and devotedness, to reject him on the ground of the inconstancy of mankind?"

Cissy hid her blushing face against her mother's shoulder. "But I shall never marry, mamma—he ought to be told so."

Cissy's idol had crumbled into clay, and since then the shrine had been empty; her faith was gone. Gerald, who had seemed so noble, so good, and true, had proved false—false to Olive, and thenceforth to Cissy's wronged faith there was no truth in man, "excepting papa!" Therefore she had taken the most resolute vows of celibacy.

It is to be hoped Mr. Julius *was* told; he certainly ought to have been, since these vows were repeated regularly every night for the five nights of his stay at Eyretown—more resolutely than ever on the last night of all—Friday. If he stayed on after the delivery of Cissy's diurnal message, it was then at his own risk, and nobody need pity him. And I am sure nobody *will* pity him when they hear that on the Saturday morning, before he returned to Chadleigh to be ready for Sunday's duty, he had the rashness to ask the celibate Cissy to marry him, pleading, in eloquent words, which came in a rush to his lips just when they were wanted, his long, faithful love and his patient waiting. Nor will anybody be much surprised to hear that Cissy resented his temerity by bursting into tears, and saying—"Yes."

After which Mr. Julius went away for a little while, and the good vicar and his wife smiled fondly to each other as they watched Cissy—too shy to meet them yet—wandering about the little dingy garden behind the house, where the currant-bushes and lilacs had put on a spring mantle of green "just for once," as a country damsel excuses the splendor of her wedding-gown.

Mr. Julius came back on the Monday, long before Cissy had come back to faith in herself, and he brought with him the most loving, joyful lines of congratulation from Olive, and from Miss Ursula a request, which would not be said nay to, that she, Cissy should pass the following months of the summer at Armytage Hall.

And, privately between you and me, reader, all this was a great disappointment to Wraxall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A French court has decided that when a railroad fails to transport passengers to a given point in a given time, by the breaking down of an engine or any other accident, the company is bound to pay the expenses of passengers who may adopt other means to reach their destination.

☞ The Gazette de France is the oldest newspaper extant. It is now in its two hundred and thirty-sixth year.

☞ A RAILWAY ITEM.—A writer in the Dictionaire du Commerce goes into elaborate calculations of the money saved arising out of the greater rapidity of railways, and values it at £3,000,000, on the basis that the time of a French citizen is worth 5d. per hour.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R. 29, 1866.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We design commencing this new story by Mr. Bennett in our next number—the first of the New Year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A contribution by "Frank Brierwood" might do to publish if the incidents were condensed into a short sketch. As it is, the words are too many for the substance.

CHRISTMAS.

Now is the season of the holly and the mistletoe; the days are come in which we hang our rooms with the sober green of December, and straightway feel it summer in our hearts. These cold, wintry months are full of drear aspects, and need all the relief that can be given by days of festivity and enjoyment; for what so proof against the winter chill as a fancy fraught with fervent expectation, and hearts too full of joy to remember grief?

All Christendom this week is taking holiday; unheard roll the perpetual wheels of Commerce and Politics, for the world is having a breathing spell from its dull round of toil and thought; and hard indeed those hearts so gnarled by time and care that the warm breath of enjoyment blows on them in vain. The long expectancies of happy meetings, the pleasant anticipations of friendly gifts, and endless warm hopes of feast and frolic are now being realized; while the younger stratum of the population take the joy of the season so fervently to heart, and so infect all December with their fancies and hopes, that the coldest and sternest can scarce escape the contagion of their glee.

To such an extent has the custom of gift-presenting advanced, that for a month before Christmas our retail streets appear like the avenues of some splendid fair, teeming with every device to attract the eyes and confuse the brains of undecided purchasers, and to win the thanks of delighted recipients. Every year the display seems to increase in attractiveness, and the conception of devices, beautiful or grotesque, to surpass all former efforts; and this season especially our streets present a rich festival to the eyes of those whose pockets forbid their indulging any other sense than that of sight.

Christmas Eve in Philadelphia is an institution of itself. There is a scene presented on the retail portions of Eighth and Chestnut Streets which the frolic of the Roman Carnival can scarce surpass. A custom which would be "more honored in the breach than the observance," or at least such must be the verdict of all who have tender corns or delicate ear-drums; a merry surge of irresponsible humanity, splitting the ear of night with discordant sound, and utterly heedless of the frailty of silks and laces, or of the profits of the patient store-keepers whose lady customers dare not attempt to face this frolicsome sea.

It may be as well to glance at the past of an institution which presents so many points of present interest. It is a curious and interesting fact that the origin of most or all of our Christian festivals lies far back in the obscurity of the past, these having been represented by Pagan ceremonies previous to the institution of Christianity. On the conversion of the Pagan nations they yielded their creeds much more readily than their customs, making a peculiar compromise with Christianity when they accepted its faith by impressing on it many of their ceremonies. This Pagan influence may be traced even to the present day in certain of our festival customs.

Christmas, as a Christian institution, was originated by Pope Telesophorus, who died in the year 138. For a long while it had no fixed date of observance, occasionally coinciding with the Epiphany. In the fourth century theologians were induced to make a strict investigation into the proper date, and finally decided on the 25th of December, though this date was not accepted without opposition. From the first it has been a mingled religious and secular anniversary. Through the Middle Ages it was customary to celebrate three masses, at midnight, at three o'clock, and after daybreak, and in the intervals the people acquired a habit of singing those Christmas Carols which were so long considered an essential part of the observance.

Another feature of the celebration was the performance of those Mysteries and Moralities, which formed the earliest of modern dramatic entertainments, and which, presenting a strange mixture of sacred and profane, relieved with grotesque figures and antics the absurdities of their plots.

During the same period the halls of the nobles were hung with mistletoe, bay, rosemary, and all the green of the season; the great yule log blazed on the hearth; the tables groaned with their weight of substantial viands, of which the emblem and constant dish was the great soused Boar's head, grinning life-like in the centre of the board; a "Lord of Misrule"—or, as he was at length denominated, a "Great Captain of Mischief"—set the example of extravagant hilarity. And merriment and festivity ran riot till Twelfth night ended the holiday season.

We have reformed all that. Feasting still prevails, but the Turkey has replaced the Boar's head, while the mild and pleasant customs of the Germans are fast taking the place of the rough jollity of our ancestors. Of such is our increasing practice of giving Christmas presents, such the Christmas tree, with its sweet and shining fruitage, such the merry conceit of Kriss Kingle, that white-bearded patriarch, who, reindeers, sleigh, budget, and all, gallops through the fancies of children, if not over the roofs of parents. There is a power of rejuvenescence in the very name of this festival, for merriment and light-heartedness form the true Fountain of Youth, and this one day of all the year is sacred to universal joy.

There is one custom which we should like to see engrafted upon the merry and holy days of Christmas. It would be well that there should be one season of the year, in which the little affronts and coldnesses which are so apt to occur in life, should be healed up and forgotten. One season in which it should be considered no sacrifice of proper self-respect or lawful pride, to say to a friend, "Friend, you think I have injured you. Perhaps I have. Be it so or not, take this little gift from me, as a sign that I wish to be forgiven for aught I have carelessly or foolishly done, and desire our friendship to be re-established upon the old foundation." If it were a custom, nothing need be said in words—the gift itself, with the compliments of the season, might be understood as telling the whole story—and a gift in return would say, "I forgive you, my friend, and forget. Let the unhappy jarring pass away as a foolish dream." Would not such a custom as this befit the peculiar character of the Christmas season—and aid in burying all offences in the grave of the old year?

OUR PREMIUMS.

M. A. Loomis, of Erie, Penn., writes:—

"Gentlemen: "I have received this day, per express, a Clothes Wringer, with which I am well pleased, and for which please accept thanks."

Mrs. Frank G. Coulter, of Jacksonville, Ill., writes:—

"I have received the Gold Watch, which I am highly pleased with. Also the Engravings for subscribers, which gave good satisfaction. I shall do all I can to increase your list of subscribers."

Mrs. L. Van Tassel, of Erie City, Penn., writes:—

"The Sewing Machine I received a month ago. It has been well tried, and works to a charm. The subscribers were pleased with the Engravings. You have my thanks for your kindness; and I will do all I can for your paper and books."

Mrs. J. T. Mann, of Wauseon, Ohio, writes:—

"We have delayed in writing you in order to test the Sewing Machine, and have found it every way satisfactory. The subscribers are also much pleased. And the Steel Engraving all acknowledge to be a perfect beauty."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW NEW YORK CITY IS GOVERNED. By JAMES PARTON. This is a small pamphlet, containing an article which originally appeared in the North American Review, and which should be widely circulated and read. Mr. Parton is well known as the writer of the biographies of Burr, Jackson, and other distinguished men, and brings to the investigation of his present subject, evident fairness and good sense. The rascality of what is called the "ring" in New York, the seven men who are said really to govern that great city, almost approaches the sublime in its utter shamelessness and audacity.

This is not a party affair. Of the present Board of Councilmen, Mr. Parton says, thirteen were elected as Republicans and *Reformers*, and twelve were elected as Democrats—and "the majority are about equal in point of experience and ability, to the management of an oyster stand in a market." Most of them belong, Mr. Parton says, "to what has been styled of late years our 'ruling class'—butcher-boys who have got into politics, bar-keepers who have taken a leading part in primary ward meetings, and young fellows who hang about engine-houses and billiard rooms."

It is a matter of notoriety how New York is governed, or rather misgoverned—but how is it that a city containing so many public spirited and honorable men fell into the control of about the worst men in it? This question Mr. Parton answers as follows:—

It has all come about in one generation. Within the memory of men still living, the affairs both of the city and the state of New York were so well managed that other states and cities were glad to copy their methods of doing public business. The time was when men, after a brilliant career in Congress, regarded it as promotion to be Mayor of the city; when a seat in the city legislature was the coveted reward of a lifetime of honest dealing in private business; when a seat in the state legislature was the usual first step to the highest places in the national government; when the very ward committees were composed of eminent merchants and lawyers; and when even to serve as secretary to a ward committee was a feather in the cap of a bank-teller or head book-keeper in a great house of business. In other words, the time was when the city was governed by its natural chiefs—the men who had a divine right to govern it. Nay, more: it was once a distinction to be a voter—since *none could vote who were not householders.* None could vote who had not given their fellow-citizens *some* evidence of an ability to vote understandingly, and *some* indication of a disposition to vote correctly. The particular test selected we do not admire; and all we can say in favor of it is that it was better than none. It did exclude the great mass of ignorance and vice; it did admit the great mass of intelligence and virtue; it did answer the purpose in a respectable degree.

This system was changed by the Constitutional Convention of 1821, which abolished the household restriction, and admitted to the polls all citizens, native and foreign, except convicted criminals and madmen. Among those who opposed this fatal change was Martin Van Buren; and all the dire consequences of it which he predicted have come upon the city. He said it would utterly corrupt the politics of New York, by giving it over into the hands of ten thousand ignorant or vicious men, whose votes could not be overcome. It would "drive from the polls all sober-minded people," from mere despair of effecting any good by voting. It would take away one powerful motive to virtue by abolishing the distinction between voters and non-voters. To be a voter, said Mr. Van Buren, is now "the proudest and most invaluable attribute of freemen." It was one of the rewards of industry and self-control. A proud day it was to a young mechanic, when he left his new home and his newly married wife, and walked, for the first time, to the polls to deposit his vote. It stamped him a respectable man. He was thenceforth a full fledged citizen, one of the masters of the city, the rulers of which were his servants; and they knew it, and treated him accordingly. Mr. Van Buren's remonstrances were not heeded, and the old system was abolished.

The evil consequences did not immediately appear, because the habit of selecting respectable men for the public service survived the system which had created that habit. * * * A lower grade of men were elected to office, and a grade still lower worked the machinery by which they were elected. Still, there was no *system* of stealing. A defalcation occasionally occurred: aldermen sometimes pocketed bundles of cigars from the "tea-room;" others contrived to convey their families to evening parties at the expense of the city; others may sometimes have cribbed an odd half-ream of paper or a box of pens; and, doubtless, there was some jobbery, and much favoritism, as there is in all governments. Honesty, however, continued to be the rule in the public service. We mean, that, although the politics of the city were debased, and the men elected were always depreciating, there was no thought among them of using their places as conveniences for plundering their constituents. As late even as 1850 an alderman or chief of a department would have actually lost standing with his fellows if suspected of taking a bribe or of having a concealed interest in a contract. Yes, even in 1850, but sixteen years ago, it was a disgrace to steal the people's money on any pretext. If any one had then foretold that the time was at hand when the only men in the city government despised and snubbed by their equals would be the few who did *not* steal, no man could have believed the wild prediction.

About the year 1850, when it began to be perceived that omnibuses could no longer convey the morning and evening multitudes of people, and when street railroads in many avenues were projected, the Corporation conceived the fancy that they had the right to grant the privilege of laying rails in the public streets to private companies. In fact, it was taken for granted on all hands that this was their right; and it was in connection with those railroad grants that the corruption, on a great scale, began. It was then that the low, immature, ignorant, unprincipled, irresponsible, untaxed persons who formed the majority of the city legislature discovered that an alderman could, by a judicious use of his opportunities, not merely get a good deal of money, but make his fortune, during a single term of service. "Rings" were then first formed; "agents" were then first employed—the mysterious go-betweens who have to be "seen" before anything can be done. The necessity for this machinery was soon perceived; for, at first, some sad mistakes occurred, which threatened for a time to spoil the game. One company, for example, distributed forty thousand dollars among the aldermen, but were outbid, and the grant was given to another company. Naturally enough, they demanded their money back; but many of the poor creatures had already squandered their shares, and were totally unable to refund. One of the defrauded men, as it chanced, was a member of the grand jury, and he announced his determination to bring the matter before that body. Means were found to satisfy his claim; about one-half the whole sum was given up, and the rest was paid in promises that have never been fulfilled. New Yorkers remember the ancient, familiar firm of Kipp & Brown, formerly blazoned on the gorgeous sides of countless omnibuses. Mr. Solomon Kipp, the head of that firm, used to say that he personally expended fifty thousand dollars in "getting through" the two comparatively unimportant railroad grants in which he was interested. We have the affidavits of other parties before us, which justify the conclusion that, from this single source, the Corporation corruptly gained a round million in about ten years.

Thus the system of spoliation began. Thus was the cupidity of the politicians inflamed. From that time to this, the ordinary New York politician has regarded public office in no other light than as a chance to steal without the risk of the penitentiary. It is not that the city government, so far as controlled by politicians, sometimes steals. We do not make that charge. We say it does nothing *but* steal; for even the most useful or necessary public work is sanctioned by it only so far as it affords promise of gain to politicians.

At the present time, as we are informed by one whose opportunities of knowledge are unequalled, all the political concerns of the city are controlled by about seven men—heads of city departments and others.

In conclusion, we again commend Mr. Parton's pamphlet to readers generally. For all our cities are fast going the same way as New York—Philadelphia is for one, that is very certain. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and also for sale by booksellers generally.

OUTWARD BOUND; OR, YOUNG AMERICA AFLOAT. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic.) Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Phila.

A TREATISE ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AND PATHOLOGY, DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND MEDICAL SURGERY. By W. PAINE, M. D., Prof. in the Philada. University of Medicine. Published by the University Publishing Society, University, Ninth south of Walnut street, Phila.

SUNNY HOUR STORIES. Chinkapin Charlie. By NELLIE EYRE, author of "Sunny Hours." Illustrated by White. Published by Duffield Ashmead, 724 Chestnut street, Phila.

THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS. A Story of the Civil War. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by Ashmead, 724 Chestnut, Phila.

THE MERCHANT OF BERLIN. An Historical Novel. By L. MUHLBACH, author of "Joseph II. and His Court." Translated from the German by Amory Coffin, M. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Phila.

THE BREWER'S FAMILY. By Mrs. ELLIS, author of "Women of England," &c. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by Ashmead, Phila.

OLIVE LOGAN'S NEW CHRISTMAS STORY. JOHN MORRIS'S MONEY. Published by the American News Company, 119 and 121 Nassau street, New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson, & Bros., Phila.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE FAIRE GOSPELLER, MISTRESS ANNE ASKEW. By the author of "Mary Powell." Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by Ashmead, Phila.

RAVEL STORY BOOKS. "The White Knight," "Maxulme," and "Jocko." With large colored Plates. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

GUY HAMILTON. A Story of Our Civil War. By Miss J. H. MATHEWS. Published by The American News Company, New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE BROWNINGS. A Tale of the Great Rebellion. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by Ashmead, Phila.

DELAY NOT, GLAD NEW YEAR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. L.

Delay not, glad New Year, thy morn,
For joy has filled her rosy horn
To shed 'round me its cheer,
When that blest hour is here.

My love to me has blushing said,
"At morn, next year, we will be wed;
And we will watch that night
The old year's dismal flight."

"The old year's welcome leave," said I,
"I wish the heavy hours would fly,
That loiter on the way
And keep us from that day."

I cannot praise my true love's face,
Or speak of her unusual grace,
For hardly do I know
If you would call it so.

But well am I assured that she
Is suited best of all to me,
And in my heart unseen
She reigns a royal queen.

Of seeming gold that proved but dross,
And all the ills of this year's loss,
I will not idly prate,
My gain has been so great.

Of my poor life the crowning year
Is decked with garlands, waiting near,
So fair it seems, and bright,
I long, yet vail my sight.

Former Civilization at the West.

There are many memorials in the Western States of a civilization that has perished; of nations advanced in the mechanic arts who have left no record in written history. An exchange refers to some of these relics:—

A most interesting feature of these regions is the ancient Indian diggings. Openings have been found in the earth, accompanied by other indications which show conclusively that copper mining was carried on here long before the country came into possession of the present occupants. These excavations have to a great extent become filled up, and huge trees have since grown over them, a fact which sufficiently attests their great antiquity. In some instances immense masses of copper have been found cut out and bearing the deep imprint of rough implements used upon them. But their great weight, and the lack of mechanical skill necessary to manage them, seem to have necessitated their abandonment.

The stone utensils, earthen vessels and other scanty remains still found scattered about, afford but meagre data for judging of the race, character and habits of these ancient miners. Certain it is, however, that they belonged to a race distinct from the savages, our immediate predecessors. There is nothing in the mode of life, customs or habits of the latter which at all indicate that they ever possessed the tastes and degree of civilization manifested by the former. Most probably they were a branch of that wide-spread people who once inhabited Mexico, the ruins of whose temples and cities are still objects of wonder. Their history, however, will doubtless forever remain unknown; and these dumb, uninscribed monuments of bronze constitute the only memorials of their existence.

A French Reporter.

This is the way in which a French reporter fulfilled his duty: One day when the Place de Pantheon was the scene of a riot, Dongelot installed himself in the midst of a shower of stones and other missiles, pen in hand, to note the incidents, as a faithful reporter. Amid the yells and groans of combatants, and the clatter of cavalry over the hard pavement into the ranks of the seditious, a friend, espying the indefatigable reporter, hailed him thus:

"Man, are you mad?" he shrieked; "run from there, or you will be killed."

Dongelot, without heeding his advice, retained his position, watch in one hand and pen in the other, recording, minute by minute, the aspect of the conflict.

"Do you not hear me?" cried the friend again; "it is certain death to remain there."

"Heaven will guard me. But since you are going, oblige me by handing these notes to my journal. You may tell them that I remain on the spot to record the end of the affair."

One hour after the adventurous journalist was struck by a stray ball. He was conveyed to a house, and a surgeon hastened to his relief.

"Are you wounded?"

"Yes," replied Dongelot, "and seriously; for I am not able to write."

"You positively must not think of writing," said the doctor, brusquely; "it will excite you too much. You must remain quiet."

"That is not the most important thing at present," rejoined the reporter, gasping for breath. "Each one to his task; mine is to chronicle this affair. Give me your assistance for one moment. Write for me at the bottom of the page this *post scriptum:*

"THREE O'CLOCK AND TWENTY MINUTES P. M.—After a discharge of musketry by the soldiers, there were found among the ranks of the people three wounded and one dead."

"How, one dead?" demanded the surgeon; "who, then, is dead?"

"I!" replied Dongelot, and expired.

AT the recent New York election, 117 voters of Ellenville, in Ulster county, cast their votes for Edward Wells for Governor. Wells lived in that place; murdered a woman under circumstances of atrocity; was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but Governor Fenton commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. This so angered the Ellenville people that they voted for Wells for Governor against Fenton, certainly a singular way of showing their opposition to his action.

☞ Says Bulwer, "If I were asked, from my experience of my life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others, or most commanded fortune, I should say earnestness."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO

A New Rack—Singular Census—Christian Barbarians—Novel Trading—Dulcean Exports—A Spanish Yankee—Golden Eggs—A Bad Failure—O'Harra and Kate—Married Lovers.

Taking the best local information we were able to obtain as the basis of calculation, we could count of the twenty thousand inhabitants of the Andean *Val de Dulce* a total of no more than about five thousand souls of all ages and both sexes that even in South America would pass for white people, though there were probably not a quarter of that number that would pass anywhere as half breeds, quadroons, peons, *cholos*, or even octaroons—none actually Indians of unmixed blood; and as for the African strain, we did not see a negro or mulatto, or even hear of one in that part of Bolivia.

What, then, it may be asked, is the race inhabiting this inner world of the Andes? White, very nearly as white as the average of North Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent, and infinitely more clear and ruddy in complexion. Tradition teaches that the native population of this particular region were direct descendants from *Manco*, Peru's first Inca, who was himself fair white and brilliant complexioned, as was also his immortal empress, *Thayandega*, and that all the Spaniards who came and made the valley their home were from Asturias, Gallicia and Navarre, in the north of Spain, fairer than their southern countrymen, and intermarrying with the Monican Peruvians, the descendants of the two races became still fairer than their ancestors on either side, losing many of the characteristic features of each, and assuming others foreign to either.

How far modern Dulcians may be indebted to such influences for physical and mental character, can only be judged from appearances and an acquaintance with them. These certainly would favor such conclusions, as they are unquestionably a mixed race, better by the amalgation of blood than any native or people of European origin we had ever seen in South America. The men were almost invariably finely developed and handsome, even to the verge of white haired old age; the women pretty, with bright eyes, delicate and regular features, and the majority of them would be really beautiful women but for the early disposition to *embonpoint;* or, in plainer English, to grow as fat as pigs at an early age, and maintain the habit through life. The female children, girls up to the age of eighteen or twenty, are almost without an exception beautiful. Both men and women, as a rule very nearly universal, were as unexceptionable in behavior as they were well favored. The only physical feature that marks these modern Dulceans as far off cousins of the native Peruvians, is the small, even, and beautifully white teeth, always double or molars all round, and the dark, liquid, lozenge shaped, gazelle-looking eyes. The proof of their distant relationship to the Spaniard is the abundant fine black hair, luxuriant beard in the male, and in both sexes the inevitable shrug of the shoulder that no Spaniard in the twentieth degree removed from pure Castilian parentage ever uttered fifteen consecutive words upon any animating topic without unmistakably manifesting.

But notwithstanding these people have and practice all the virtues common to the best condition of humanity, and we found among them very few of the vices common to South American Civilization in general, they are technically barbarians, *i. e.*, they have no religion, other than the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being, and the inherent obligation to do right, love each other as brothers and sisters, and all other people save the Spaniard, down to his latest descendant, as themselves. Roman Catholicy is only traditionary with them; Protestantism they know nothing of, and so the civilized Bolivian officials at Chuquisaca write them down in their statute books, and speak of them contemptuously as "*El Salvages del Val de Dulce.*" (The savages of the Sweet Valley.) There are many Christian communities in all civilized countries worse Christians.

Though the aggregate population will average only about one person to every three and a half square miles, there is a larger area of surface under cultivation, more industry, thrift, comfort and domestic happiness than can be found elsewhere in South America, traverse the continent as you will from ocean to ocean, or from the Isthmus to Terra del Fuego. Fruits of all descriptions, both of tropical and temperate regions, are carefully cultivated and cared for, though growing wild in profusion. Grain and a great variety of vegetables are produced in abundance, seemingly from a sheer love of labor, as there are no markets, no demand for surplus of anything, only as here and there an individual may happen from some cause to fall short of producing what the necessities of himself and family require, in which case the deficiency is generally supplied a good many fold from the generosity of his neighbors.

Indigo of a good quality is grown and manufactured, considerable superior cocoa is produced, and a surplus of most excellent coffee, these three articles sent either to Chuquisaca, La Paz, or more commonly to Apolobamba, find a ready sale, the proceeds purchasing such articles of necessity as the Dulceans do not manufacture, which are very few, consisting mainly of cutlery and iron hollow-ware for cooking purposes. Of their grain, fruit, vegetables, stock and domestic wares, none is ever sold, but so much is always freely given away as these Christian *Salvages* can find a gratuitous market for.

It was a novel and certainly a most singular exhibition to see a party of twenty or more men, women, boys and girls, who having succeeded in producing something in the fruit, vegetable, perhaps poultry line, uncommonly fine and usually early, were going to divide with as many people less fortunate as they could conveniently become free customers. So, with great trays piled up with many good things, poised on the heads, a merry, jovial company they marched, chatting, singing, and as often as they met souls were in the least likely to accept of their free will offerings, crying out in musical concert:

"*Tinajoontes, naranjos, melons de agua, de oro, huevos gallinos gordo, figos muy dulce, cerejos fresco, y platanos nuevo! Quieren a quero! Coosta nada!*"

("I has joco'es, oranges, water lemons and melons of gold; eggs, fat fowls, figs very sweet, cherries fresh, and plantains new! Who will want? Cost nothing.")

Thus the valley barbarians sought to equalize independence, dividing freely of nature's bounty and the fruits of their own industry, exhibiting traits of better Christian character than those claiming a higher order of civilization who called them contemptuously *Salvages.*

We found one day, however, an exception to the current give-away custom of the Dulceans. It was in a considerable village, and the individual was a little, withered up old Spaniard with Jewish features, piggish expression of countenance, eyes like a ferret and nose like an icepick, who having no drop of Quesche blood in his veins, was a Bolivian alien in the valley, though counting in the census of the country one of the seven thousand *almas*, and said to possess an estate valued at sixty thousand dollars, and it was currently reported an equal amount in "very hard cash" that he had accumulated by close bargaining.

The old weazel, Jew Yankee, had a huge leather *bolsina*, a sort of raw hide haversack, and in it some seven dozen eggs of a very fine wild fowl found in all the more elevated Andean regions within the tropics, but only in a domesticated condition in the valleys and low countries; and as the bird is not only an ornamental fowl, but a prolific layer, and the flesh very white, delicate and fine flavored, people generally living in the low countries are eager to become proprietors of the *galena de monte* (mountain hen,) hence the eggs fresh find a ready market for breeding purposes, being set under and the brood reared by domestic hens.

Don Christoval Bartolomo, whose estancia was situated some two leagues up the northern slope of the valley towards Sorata, had a large stock of the mountain fowls, and had brought down a gross of eggs, calculating to make a very pretty thing of it, monopolizing the market and everybody eager to purchase. So there he was, his great *bolsina* pouch suspended in front, piping in his shrill treble voice:

"*Huevos!—huevos del Galina de Monte! Huevos fresco! Media cada hum! Quieren a comprar!*"

("Eggs!—eggs of the Mountain Hen! Fresh eggs! Six cents a piece! Who wants to buy?")

Now six cents a piece, or seventy-two cents per dozen would not be considered an extravagant price for eggs of fancy breeds in the United States, where those of ordinary fowls often run up to fifty cents, and no guarantee of good eggs at that price. But up there in the Andean valley, where everything went free without price, the charge was outrageous. But there was no alternative. It was Don Christoval who had the eggs on sale, and it was a *media cada hum*, or not an egg left his bolsina, and at that price he had disposed of nearly half his stock.

Our handsome Buffalonian, Harry White, was rather clever at several other things besides marrying a beautiful Chilena heiress, and happening to hear the old weazel piping his *huevos*, Harry called our attention that way, and going up to the old Don, he asked innocently—

"*Como vende as huevos?*"

"Media cada hum, Senor," Don Christoval replied.

"Six cents a piece! Too dear."

"*Nao, Senor, he no caro. 'Sta mucha barata.*"

"Cheap, eh!"

"*Si, Senor, muy barata.*"

"Very well, I'll buy *one*. Here's your *media.*"

Harry handed into the old vulture's claw the little silver scale, and took out an egg. Then he took out his knife and nicked the shell, opening the egg deliberately with his thumbs and—*squit* fell the contents on the ground, and with them something clicked the pebbles with a little sharp, metallic *clink*. Harry stooped and picked up something, uncertain until he had plucked a *cassia* leaf and wiped out of the yellow yolk, a bright, Peruvian coin as yellow as the yolk itself, and of the denomination of half doubloon, (eight dollars.)

"Cari!" "Que es isso?" "Caramba!" and many other exclamations of wonder came out from the lips of the astonished Dulceans, male and female, gathered about the old egg merchant. Harry, quite unconscious of having performed a miracle, pocketed the coin and handing Don Christoval a *rial*, took two more eggs from his bolsina, and breaking them, brought out of one another new eight dollar coin, and from the other a whole doubloon.

"*Huevos de oro!*" (golden eggs!) was the cry on all sides, and Harry having secured the coin said to Don Christoval in a quiet way:

"Yes, sir, your eggs are cheap at a media a piece. I'll buy all you have."

But the old miser was very wide awake. He was not the fool to sell eggs having in them half ounces and whole ounces in gold, for a *media cada hum.* So he headed off Harry's bid with—

"*Nao, Senor! You no quere vende mais!*" (No, sir! I don't want to sell more,) and resolutely buttoning up his great pocket, lest his precious eggs should escape, the old snipe tilted away out of the crowd, and having secured a snug corner out of the way of possible pocket picking, the silly old fool fell to and chipped up and split out on the ground every egg in his bolsina. Of course he brought out no gold coin, and having destroyed his entire stock, the old scamp came back whimpering:

"Ah, di mio! qual cousa este? Os todos huevos rumpedo, y ninguno oro—*Carabo!*" (Ah my! What thing is this? All the eggs broken, and no gold—*Carabo!*")

To us, who had witnessed many of handsome Harry's feats of legerdemain, the trick was apparent enough, but the simple Dulceans would never believe otherwise than that he actually brought the coin out of those eggs; and many and earnest were the propositions made him to remain and go into the gold and egg enterprise at wholesale, in company with the entire population, they supplying the eggs and he picking out the ounces. They would have their whole valley heaped up with gold in three years or so, they argued; which would be the very worst thing that could ever happen to them, Harry declared, as it would invite into their happy valley, Bolivians, Brazilians, Chilanos, Peruvians, and bloodthirsty cutthroats of all nations, and there would be bloodshed, murder, plunder, and rapine, until not a Dulcean—man, woman, or child, would be left alive. They had better eat their eggs or turn them into chickens, Harry advised them seriously, and then peremptorily declined the copartnership.

We had all learned to love, and admire the virtues of our new friends before we had been with them a week. Our Swedish bug hunter actually fell very deep in love with a lovely little Dulcean Donna; and Dr. Bond said if a wife was ever to have been one of his possible encumbrances he could find a score that he should be willing to marry singly or *en masse*, off hand.

O'Harra did propose. But it was only to Kate—in this wise:

"Now, darling, how would you like to change partners? There's a handsome young fellow over there, crazy in love with your sweet face."

"And whose sweet face is my Irish vagabond husband in love with, pray? Now, Barney, you might go this minute—I can find a dozen substitutes here, any one of them worth for a lover a regiment of such matrimonial traitors as Barney O'Harra."

"By my soul, my dear, do it. Take a dozen or so, and let me off. There's a darling."

"No I won't, you Blue-beard. But I would if it wasn't for the Baroness of Enniscuddy that I'm to be after a little, if I hang fast to you and prevent you from turning Turk or breaking your precious neck, Barney dear."

"Faith, you're a jewel, my darling; and I'll never be prouder of ye when I'm Barney the Baron, and you're Kate the Baroness, than I am this blessed minute."

"And I wouldn't be prouder of you, Barney; or love you a mite more if you were Emperor, autocrat and Grand Seignor all in one, than I do as my brave, good, handsome husband, Capt. Barney O'Harra."

"Whoo! Isn't that elegant? Long life to ye, my darling!" O'Harra sung out, sending his sombrero spinning up into the air, and the scene ended with vivas and hurrahs for our married Irish lovers.

ALL'S WELL.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine:
Father! forgive my trespasses and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

New About Tea.

Recent inquiries into the peculiar powers of tea have tended to raise it in popular esteem, though it still appears not to be very clear why it should possess the valuable properties which experience assigns to it. One per cent. of volatile oil, an ingredient of which the original leaf shows no trace, is imparted by the process of drying and roasting, and this oil is so potent that the Chinese dare not use tea for a year after the leaf has been prepared, while the packers and unpackers of tea suffer much from paralysis in consequence of their inhaling this subtle element. The volatile character of this part of the tea, so valuable when not present in too large quantities, renders close-fitting caddies indispensable for those who would keep the flavor of their tea. Theine, of which there is an average of two per cent. In good tea, though some green teas have as much as six per cent., has nothing to do with the taste of tea, but its presence is most important, an account of the unusually large amount of nitrogen (nearly 30 per cent.) which it contains. It is this substance that makes tea save food, by its action in preventing various wastes of the system, and renders it peculiarly acceptable to elderly persons, in whom these wastes go on very rapidly, while their stomach assimilates less and less of the nutritive portion of food. An ounce of good tea contains about ten grains of theine—an amount sufficient to produce a peculiar intoxication, and many unpleasant symptoms, if taken in one day. From three to four grains of theine is a healthy amount for a day, so that three ounces of really good tea is more than an ordinary person should take in a week. Tannin, the astringent element in tea, is extracted by lengthened infusion, and any one who wishes to avoid the effects of its astringency, should drink tea soon after the water is poured over it. The really nutritive element of tea, the gluten, is thrown away with the leaves. The use of soda tends to bring out a trifle more of this element; but the South American native custom of eating the spent leaves, after the liquor is consumed, appears to be the best way of making sure of the gluten.

☞ Rats are worth fifteen cents a piece in New York.

☞ A small boy said to a man who was expressing his surprise that a baker's horse did not start at the explosion of crackers around him on the Fourth, "Why, sir, that horse has carried crackers this forty years."

☞ There's always one consolation, whatever our misfortune—it might be worse. Were life hanging on a thread, it would be a comfort to think that it was not hanging on a rope.

☞ It is said to be a law that all log-houses in Montana must be of hewn timber.

☞ Miss Thomas, in her "Walter Goring," says—"Women can make one another miserable in such infinitesimally small ways that a man can rarely be brought to comprehend how the business is managed."

☞ Paris, with half the population of London, raised a municipal revenue of £5,000,000, and applies it, apparently, with such success that the improvements pay for themselves.

☞ "When a woman won't, she won't." You can't force them to do anything. Indeed, the most of them are very much like the old man's wife, who, he said, "was a woman of so much contrabunction, that when she took a compinion of her own, there was no such thing as conquestioning her."

☞ A few days since the inhabitants of a town on the Pennsylvania Railroad were startled by the announcement that on the following night a learned gentleman would give a grand exhibition in the public hall, in which he would show the complete control he exercised over the feline and canine family by making a number of cats and dogs do everything he desired of them. He requested the people to bring their own "household pets." A very large audience made up of bipeds and quadrupeds in about equal proportions, assembled and waited patiently before a green curtain till nine o'clock, when it was discovered that the stage was empty, and that the treasurer, door-keeper, and lecturer—if there was any such person—had left on the 8½ train.

Anecdote of Carlyle.

It is told of Carlyle that once when he was thoroughly fatigued in body and mind by the labor of producing one of his works, and had been thrown into despair because of the sudden and total destruction of his manuscript before a word of it had gone to the press, he shut himself up alone in his room, and deliberately read through the complete works of Captain Marryatt. This singular proceeding certainly appears to have in it something of that quality of mind which earned for the sage of Chelsea from some of the irreverent the title of "The Incoherent Thomas." He was able, though, to give a sound reason for his seemingly absurd and inconsequent behavior. He wanted, he said, to induce in his mind a perfect vacuity of thought, and could hit upon no other expedient better adapted to his purpose. Why he should have chosen Captain Marryatt in preference to a hundred or two others it is not easy to see. We may plausibly account for it by supposing that one day in the times when he plied the birch at Ecclefechan school he had occasion to confiscate certain dirty-looking paper-covered books then undergoing a surreptitious reading, and himself cast a philosophic eye over their contents and marvelled what manner of man this captain in the royal navy could be. We believe he found his experimental course of Phantom Ships and Snarleyyow the Dog Fiend and Smallbones and Lieut. Vanslyperken and Midshipman Easy and the ward-room life on board H. M. S. Calliope all that he expected, and since reads no more novels.—*The Nation.*

The Frozen Deep.

Icicles hung round the deck, peaches became a mass of chalcedony, butter was cut with a chisel, beef with pickaxe and crowbar. Walking out, you are conscious of a bracing atmosphere. Whiskers and face are glazed with ice. Put out your tongue, and it is frozen to your chin. Walking on, you get into a fine glow, often into a perspiration; but if the wind rises, then you have a sensation of pricking pins. Extremes meet. Extremes of heat and cold are alike. In our new life cold gave a positive character to our existence almost impossible to describe. We protected ourselves from metals with fur and buckskin. The crawl, the chill, which is with us at home the indication of varying temperature, was there unknown. In fact, it was only by the direct attack of cold that we were aware of it, and officers and men agreed that we had suffered more at home from cold. With such an inveterate enemy, however, we could not hope to escape scars, but we all returned alive. On one occasion, a poor fellow, recovering from inflammation of the lungs, being asked how his frost-bitten ear came on, produced it in a piece of paper, and said, "Doctor, I didn't want to trouble you, but it dropped off last night."

The Habits of the Trout.

A paragraph in the Oxford Democrat, on the habits of trout, has interested us. It seems that in Mexico, (a small town in Oxford county,) "there is a small pond, shallow, and so situated that in a clear day every object on the bottom can be plainly seen; and in no instance has a trout ever been seen or caught on a clear day; though in a cloudy day a man can take as many as he can carry. It has always been claimed by the residents thereabouts that they lay in the mud. This idea seems preposterous, but we find it substantiated by a recent occurrence. Mr. J. Hodgdon, Jr., of Byron, a perfectly reliable man, who stood on the bank of Webb river, at the outlet of a brook, where the water did not exceed an inch in depth, saw a trout dart from the river and disappear, all but a bit of his tail, in the mud. He placed an obstruction across the brook, and with a grapple took him out. This disturbance proved that more fish were there, and in a few minutes, with his hands, he took out six that weighed six pounds. Our informant says he cannot doubt this statement, though it is so contrary to all existing notions about the fish. It is said they lay in such places to protect themselves from the cold."

An English Woman of Fashion.

Have you any idea, asks Lord Jeffrey, in a letter to a friend, what sort of a thing a truly elegant English woman of fashion is? I suspect not, for it is not to be seen almost out of England, and I do not know very well how to describe it. Great quietness, simplicity, and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe; a singular sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit and manners and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good-nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity, and ambition. These are some of the traits, and such, I think, as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless, but she would predominate over you in the long run, and indeed, is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world, but not better nor happier; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect.

How Many Mormons Are There?

The Salt Lake Union Vidette, the Gentile organ at Salt Lake, says:—

The Mormon leaders are inclined to exaggerate their numbers, and set down the population of Salt Lake City as 25,000 and that of the whole territory as 125,000; but the Gentiles, pointing to the census of 1860, which gave but 40,295 in all Utah, say there cannot be over 75,000 now in the entire territory.

A gentleman who has investigated the matter somewhat fully this season, believes the true population is about 100,000 for the territory and 15 000 or 16,000 for the city. Yet, because an ordinary sized house, which at the East would scarcely be occupied by more than eight or ten people, is here found to comprise within its four walls from two to twenty "wives," each surrounded by a large, interesting and constantly increasing family, it is a matter of no small difficulty to estimate the number of people by their dwellings. Children fairly swarm. Stout, strongly built, ruddy faced, it must be confessed, that so far as physical deterioration is concerned, polygamy cannot yet be justly charged with degenerating the race.

☞ A book is just out in Europe which is written to prove that astronomers are all wrong. It is maintained that the earth is flat.

MORN.

Peeping through her purple bars,
Down an endless street of stars,
Melting all the ingots up,
As her eyes more brightly shine,
Morning, in a crystal cup,
Floats the bubble earth in wine.

From the red lips of the sea,
Out into immensity,
Steals a tongue of green and gold,
Soon to swarm with giddy flies,
When the mighty landscape's rolled
Further to the Western skies.

Splendor now by splendor quaffed,
Deeper grows at every draught,
Till the monogram of fire—
The round, red halo of the sun—
Fills with flame the heavens entire,
And sweeps all glories into one.

Italian Frog-Eaters.

From my observations I am disposed to think the Italians greater frog-eaters than the French of the present day. The preparation of the amphibious article of food is a sight, and not a very pleasant one, any morning, in the Milan market. The process is as follows:—

A number of old women sit upon low stools, having before them a basket nearly covered with a coarse, wet cloth, and on their left hand a sack. The sacks contain green frogs, middle-sized animals, with long legs and speckled bodies. The left hand dives into the sack and fishes out a frog, which is forthwith decapitated by means of a knife or of a pair of small shears in form like those of a shepherd. The next thing is to get rid of the skin. The frog evidently does not belong to the family of tight-skinned animals, for by a single dexterous twitch the green coat is reversed and stripped off to the very tips of the long, lean legs, and the flayed carcase is cast into the basket.

This, one might suppose, would be the close of froggy's struggles upon earth, but, horrible to relate, the tenacious vitality of these amphibia—muscular, let us hope, but not sensitive—survives both skinning and beheading. In the basket the frog corpses, mingled in a semi-transparent, gelatinous mass, quiver and wriggle, and occasionally seem to be wrestling with each other, while, from time to time, an individual of tough vitality and active habits actually hops headless from the torture-basket, and perching his ghastly little frame on the edge of the damp canvas which partly covers the receptacle, grins horribly at his executioner out of his open throat.—*London Times' Italian Correspondent.*

California Climate.

The Stockton Independent lately published an interesting article on this subject, from which we extract the subjoined paragraph:—

There is a climate in South America—Bogota, the capital of New Granada—where the temperature varies all the year round only about two degrees from 68 degrees, but in sight of Bogota is the valley of the Magdalena, where the climate is always tropical and oppressive. We read of this and wonder; yet there is a Bogota in every mountain county of California, from which, to the fierce temperature of the foot-hills, the distance in a straight line is not more than twenty miles. To-day the thermometer will mark 105 degrees at Murphy's, in Calaveras; at the Big Trees, not more than ten miles in a direct line, the mercury will not rise above 78 degrees. The altitude of Murphy's is about 2,000 feet above the sea; of the Big Trees, 4,500. It is the 2,500 feet of difference in altitude that causes the difference in climate. There are cosy little valleys nestled amid hills where the pale-green maple, the dark-green alder, the slender hazel, the broad-leafed black oak and the tall and singing pine all meet and dwell together in harmony, and where we think the climate of Adam's Eden must be nearly realized; and there are valleys not more than twenty miles east of the line of the Big Trees, where a winter climate is perpetual.

Cautious.

A letter-writer from the plains relates that one of his acquaintances once started on a tour among the mountains with Col. Pfeiffer, who is represented to be a second Kit Carson. As they rode along, the colonel gave him various directions as to his conduct in case of a fight with the Indians, and finished by saying—

"And now, don't forget, if I am wounded so as to be unable to fly, you must kill me at once; for I mustn't fall alive into their infernal hands; they torture one horribly. And if you are wounded, I'll kill you, you see. Don't fail."

That gentleman didn't go into any Indian fight.

Freak of Nature.—One of those extraordinary freaks of nature can now be witnessed by any person who will take the train from London Bridge to Horley Station. A living pig may be seen at Mr. Jennings's, without a skin on it, the animal having adopted the course of throwing off its entire coat from head to tail, with hair and flesh, the latter nearly three inches thick. It is doing well, and the coat hangs on one of the trees adjoining the stye. It is quite a curiosity, and may become matter for future discussion at the Anthropological Society. The flesh is like good pork, fat and lean, and has no appearance of disease. In fact, he is a specimen grunter, without a coat, and the new one is growing nicely.—*London Star.*

Horseflesh.—The taste for horseflesh is decidedly increasing in Paris. There are at present in the capital seven butcheries for the sale of that commodity, and which dispose of about 40,000 pounds weight per week. The annual consumption may, therefore, be estimated at 1,000 tons, or more than ten times the quantity of meat distributed to the poor in the twenty *bureaux de bienfaisance.* So far horseflesh has been exempt from the octroi duty, and sells at from 5 sous to 1 fr. the kilo. of 2lb.—*Morning Post.*

☞ A son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at a recent dinner party in Richmond, was asked to join in a toast to "The Fallen Flag," but instead of doing so, rose and said: "Gentlemen, this will not do. We are paroled prisoners. We now have but one flag, and that is the flag of our whole country—the glorious old stars and stripes. I can recognize no other, fight for no other, and will drink to no other."

☞ The profits of the London Times last year were $250,000.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

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☞ Specimen copies will be sent to those desirous of getting up clubs, on the receipt of *five cents*.

☞ Gov. Morton, of Indiana, who has bad health, is trying the "iron treatment." His legs are placed in iron boots and subjected to an oscillatory motion of twelve hundred a minute, and the arms, similarly encased, two thousand a minute. The object is to vitalize and increase the action of the muscles and nerves. The operation causes almost insufferable heat to the extremities. His excellency improves.

☞ Sowerkrout, the old bachelor, was admiring a young lady dressed in the highest style of fashion, when we ventured to remark: "That's a fine looking lady; but the change in the weather this evening seems to affect her, she seems to feel cold." "Happy to hear it," said he, snappishly, "I'm glad she has one natural feeling left."

☞ A burglar attempting to enter a house at Bury, Eng., through the chimney, stuck fast in the flue, and remained in that uncomfortable position five hours, when his cries at last attracted attention, and the police fished him out at the top of the chimney, in a sorry plight. He was very soot-ably punished.

☞ During a great storm on the Pacific Ocean a vessel was once wrecked, and a Quaker, tossing to and fro on a plank, exclaimed, over the crest of a wave, to another who was drifting by on a barrel, "Friend, dost thou call this Pacific?"

☞ Gen. Wood says, in writing from Brazil, that the ladies, on being introduced to a stranger, insist on being embraced, "heart throbbing against heart."

THE WELCOME GUEST.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY MURGER.)

I.

Host. Who knocks without there at so late an hour?
Who art thou, stranger, knocking at my portal?
Tell me thy name—thus late within my door
Comes unannounced no mortal.

II.

Voice. Open! (the Voice repeated.) I am old
And poorly clad; the snow is falling thickly.
Would I were dead!—the dead can feel no cold,
I shiver. Open quickly.

III.

From west to east, from north to south, all day
I've toiled upon my journey long and dreary.
Within thy chimney-corner let me stay
And rest, for I am weary.

IV.

Host. Not yet. Thy name must first to me be known.
Voice. I'm Glory! Open! Thou shalt be immortal!
Host. Hence, mocking phantom, I would dwell alone;
Thou shalt not cross my portal.

V.

Voice. I'm Love and Youth—twin halves of the Divine.
Host. Pass on upon your road, ye emblems rotten;
The love she felt for me when youth was mine
She has long since forgotten.

VI.

Voice. I'm Poetry. My gift is deathless fame!
On earth by men I am proscribed and banished.
Host. Too late! Whom can I sing? *Her* very name
Has from my memory vanished.

VII.

Voice. Open thy doors. I'm Gold! All gods above
I reign, and my dominion ceases never.
Thy mistress shall return.
Host. But not the love,
Our love—that's gone for ever.

VIII.

Voice. Open thy doors to me, for I am Power!
'Tis my hand crowns the candidate with glory!
Host. Canst thou bring back the dead for one brief hour?
Untell the human story?

IX.

Voice. If I must wait until my name you know,
Hearken! and here no longer let me tarry.
I'm Death! I'm Death! For every mortal woe
A healing balm I carry.

X.

The grating keys of the abodes of gloom,
You see, about my girdle are suspended;
Come with me, and hereafter shall thy tomb
From insult be defended.

XI.

Host. Enter, Sir Stranger, and abide with me;
Forgive my poverty and scanty table;
Misery herself dwells here and offers thee
The best that she is able.

XII.

I'm weary. Enter. I the future scan;
But there for me extends no bright perspective,
And long ago I've formed, but feared, the plan,
The only true corrective.

XIII.

Enter, and welcome! I will be thy host.
To-morrow, with the dawn when thou awakest,
Thy entertainment shall be void of cost
If me away thou takest.

XIV.

Long have I known that thou wouldst come—in vain
Long for thy coming, like an infant, fretted:
Bear me away; but let my dog remain,
That I may be regretted. BEAUSEANT.

Singular Transformation.

A well-known mining engineer, who is vouched for as being a man of talent and education, of cool and methodical temperament, and about thirty years of age, has become, most unexpectedly to himself, the hero of a nine day's fit of wonderment on the part of the Parisians, from the fact that his hair, black and unusually luxuriant, has been whitened in a single night under the impression of a dream.

"We should not give space to the narrative of this singular adventure," says the editor of the Paya, in whose columns the incident was originally mentioned, "were it not that M. C——, is personally well known by us as a truthful and honorable man, and has himself furnished us with the account we publish, affirming, *on oath*, the absolute exactness of every detail therein given."

From the account thus given to the public it appears that M. C——, when inspecting certain mineral tracts in Brittany, stopped one night at a little roadside inn a few hundred yards distant from a mine which he had never seen, but which he purposed visiting next day. Having walked many miles in the course of the day, M. C——, on reaching the inn, felt very tired. He accordingly went to bed early, fell asleep at once, and dreamed, he asserts, the following dream:—

He thought that he had just been appointed to the managership of the mine in question, and he was busy in superintending the work of the miners, when the owner of the mine appeared on the ground. This man, rough and ill-bred, addressed the new manager rudely, reproaching him with his inactivity, adding:

"Instead of standing there, with your arms folded, seeing other men work, you would do better to go down into the mine and draw the plan of it, as you engaged to do."

"I will go down and begin the drawings at once," replied the young engineer, hurt and annoyed at the manner of his employer.

Placing himself forthwith in the basket, he ordered the men at the windlass to let him down into the mine. This was done; the basket reached the bottom; and then, summoning a couple of the workmen to precede him with their lamps, he explored the various galleries of the mine, and, having made a plan of the workings, returned to the bottom of the shaft, got into the basket, and gave the signal for the ascent. As he placed himself in the basket he remarked the great thickness of the rope which served to hoist it, and calculated that, the mine being unusually deep, the ascent could scarcely be accomplished in less than a quarter of an hour.

He had been ascending thus for two or three minutes, when, chancing to raise his eyes, he espied what seemed to him to be an abrasion of the rope by which he was being drawn up. Startled by this appearance, he fixed his eyes on the portion of the rope which had attracted his attention, and saw distinctly that the rope was cut a few feet above his head, just out of reach of his hand. His terror at this discovery was such that he nearly fainted. Rousing himself, by force of will, from the stupor of apprehension that had so nearly overcome him, he compelled himself to calmness, and set himself again to examine the rope. Perhaps he was mistaken; he would look again. But no; he was not mistaken. The rope had rubbed against some projection of the rocky walls which hemmed him in, and its strands were untwisting slowly but visibly. At the injured point the thickness of the massive cable was already reduced to less than an inch.

The unfortunate man felt that his doom was sealed; the conviction of the utter hopelessness of his position chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. He tried to call out, but his tongue seemed frozen. Moreover, he felt that, even if he could make himself heard (which was totally impossible, as he was now half way up,) no human aid could reach him. Looking upward, he could see the daylight at the mouth of the shaft, bright but distant, like a star. Gazing downwards, over the edge of the basket, at a depth that it made him dizzy and sick to look down to, he could see, like so many glow-worms, the lamps of the miners. And the basket, meantime mounted higher every instant, the rope cracking audibly under the increasing strain of ascent. The unfortunate engineer saw clearly that there was no possibility of escaping the horrible fate awaiting him, and could almost count the seconds that would elapse ere the breaking of the rope must precipitate him into the fearful void below. Such was the intensity of his anguish that he was tempted to abridge its durations by throwing himself down at once, instead of awaiting any longer the inevitable instant. As he hesitated, longing yet fearing to take the fatal leap, the basket reached the mouth of the shaft. He was saved! With a loud cry he leaped from the basket, awaking as he felt once more the solid earth beneath his feet.

The horrible adventure was only a dream; but M. C—— was trembling, exhausted, bathed in perspiration, and incapable of making a movement or uttering a sound. After a time he recovered his self-command so far as to be able to ring for help. The people of the inn hastened to obey the summons, but could not at first recognize their customer of the preceding evening, for his luxuriant raven hair had become perfectly gray. And, stranger than even this physical evidence of the violence of the emotions he had undergone during his troubled slumbers, there lay upon his bed, evidently drawn by his own hand, a plan of the adjacent mine which he was to visit on the following day, but which he had never seen, and of whose internal arrangements he had no idea; and this plan, so unaccountably produced, proved, on examination of the mine, to be absolutely correct in every particular.

Candy Adulterations.

Our new health espionage is bringing to light some queer things. The common candies and confectioneries of commerce are not altogether toothsome nor wholesome, if recent investigations are to be believed.

The adulteration of sugar candies and spices is a trade largely and regularly carried on in this city. Instead of plaster, which till lately entered so largely into the manufacture of confectionery, in place of sugar, a new article has been discovered, called *Terra alba*, or white earth. It comes from Ireland, and costs by the barrel about 1½ cents per pound, while loaf sugar costs about 17 cents. The bodies of candies, the coating of almonds and lozenges, are made from this earthy material. It is whiter than plaster and is very much used in the adulteration of flour sold in this market. A glue, paint and oil manufacturer of New York has sent round his annual circular, which I have seen, to the principal confectioners, calling attention to a fresh arrival of this white earth. I have seen an ounce of lozenges dissolved in water, in which two-thirds of an ounce was of Terra alba, and not a particle of sugar in the lot.

The common method of flavoring candies, almonds, sugar, plums, etc., is with deleterious substances. The pineapple flavor, the banana and the peach are made from fusel-oils, which are very poisonous. Bitter almond flavor is made from prussic acid unadulterated. Pineapple flavor is also obtained from rotten cheese, very rotten, and nitric acid.

Gum arabic for pure gum drops is costly. An article has been invented of the most beautiful appearance, that is used instead of the gum. It is very cheap and very poisonous.

In pure candy cochineal is used to color red, and saffron for the yellow. But in the common candies poisonous coloring is put, the same that is used to color wines and liquors. One of the most common is called "carlot," into which arsenic largely enters. A few grains of the substance will color a cask of wine. Licorice drops for the "trade" are made of poor brown sugar, glue and lamp-black, flavored with licorice. And for the western trade much of this vile stuff is packed in barrels and sent west to be put up in boxes to suit the market, of which from 75 to 90 per cent. is Terra alba. This material enters largely into the common chocolate and spices. Much of the cream of tartar used for bread is made of Terra alba and tartaric acid—*Boston Journal.*

☞ An Irish washerwoman in Calaveras county, California, who was obliged to take a share in a newly discovered mine in payment for services, her employer being unable to pay in money, now derives an income of $10,000 a year from it.

☞ Fools generally applaud what they least understand. One night at the Italian Opera will convince the most skeptical of the fact.

Domestic Opera.

The opera here again, our friend Gamut was thrown into ecstacy. He had procured his ticket for the "Huguenot" night, but, detained at the store by a customer, arrived home to tea late, with the whole trouble of getting ready before him at half-past six. Gamut always had insisted upon it that twenty minutes was enough time for any one to get ready in; a thrust at Mrs. G.

SCENE.—*A chamber. Mr. Gamut discovered in his undersleeves. Mrs. Gamut at the mirror in full opera costume, having begun to get ready at four o'clock.*

Mr. G. Gracious goodness, Mistress G.,
You are ready first, I see.

Mrs. G. (*sardonically.*)
Yes, my love, to keep you waiting
Would be far too aggravating.

Mr. G. Quite regardful that, my dear;
I'll be very late, I fear.

Mrs. G. No, my pet, please hesitate,
Only women folks are late.

Mr. G. (*rummaging in a drawer, and throwing everything around in confusion.*)
I will bet a silver dollar
That I haven't got a collar.

Mrs. G. There's your collar—where's the dollar?
Where's the dollar?—there's your collar.

Mr. G. (*looking everywhere.*)
Where's my tie? oh, how provoking!
With impatience I am choking.

Mrs. G. Do be gentler, Mr. G.;
No one frets, at home, but me.

Mr. G. Do not vex me,
Help me find it,
Where 'tis I can't understand;

Mrs. G. What a searcher!
Don't you mind it?
There, you've got it in your hand.

Mr. G. My head is aching with the flurry.

Mrs. G. Do not worry; do not worry.

Mr. G. Don't sit there my misery mocking;
Have you seen my other stocking?

Mrs. G. Ha, ha, ha! you stupid coot,
You've got them both upon one foot.

Mr. G. Everything is topsy-turvy—
Nobody at hand to serve me—
Leaving room for anger wild.

Mrs. G. Do not fret yourself, my ducky,
With no worse than this you're lucky—
Pray to fate be reconciled.

Mr. G. Good heaven! it is half past seven—
The opera begins at eight.
What a tussle, crowd and bustle
By crinoline when one is late!

Mrs. G. What a fuss you make, my dear,
And how your nerves do shake, my dear,
You frown and fret,
And storm and sweat,
As though your bones did ache, my dear.

Mr. G. Desperation seizes me,
My disappointment freezes me,
My boots are lacking
All their blacking,
My necktie how it squeezes me!
And then the worst of all the fix is,
These gloves are only number sixes.

Mrs. G. Banish your trouble,
Care is a bubble,
Let not despair your heart overcome
I can relieve you—
The clock doth deceive you,
'Tis just a half an hour too fast.

Mr. G. Thus woman comes to soothe our sorrow,
Blessed boon to man bestowed.

Mrs. G. Do not care and trouble borrow,
Soon enough will come the load.

Mr. G. }
Mrs. G. } There's the carriage.

Trundle Bed Chorus—Boys' voices, next chamber.
Isn't it jolly! hi for fun,
Up and at 'em! touch and run;
Now about the chamber spring,
Mother's shawl shall make a swing
Who shall question what we're at!
Kate be blowed and hang the cat!
Thus around, around we go,
Nobody to say us no.

No man was more amiable at the opera evening than Mr. Gamut, and Mrs. G. at the courteous manner in which he returned bows of ladies, that he was disposed to her advice about care.

Learn All You Can.

Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that, even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, there, a mistake to be morose and silent among those whom you think to be ignorant: for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make the heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nugget, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump some time.

So in acquiring knowledge; we could never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, end it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

A few Sabbaths since, in a town in the vicinity of Rochester, a teacher of a Sunday school was engaged in questioning his pupils upon the subjects connected with their previous studies of the Bible. At length turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked, "What did Adam lose by the fall?" Pat for a moment was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened as he interrogatively replied, "An' was it his hat, sir?"

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

BY D. F. MACARTHY.

Summer is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present:
So, while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms:
But the memory of the vanished
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all!

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh—
All the best are dead;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed;
And the arbutus, pearl-blossomed,
Hangs its coral ball:
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Summer trees are pretty—very,
And I love them very well;
But the holly's glistening berry
None of those excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God has sent;
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all!

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart;
Though the tomb loom in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and no winter, after all!

An Episode in an Editor's Life.*

I am an editor; and I must say that, of all professions, that of editorship is the most difficult and the most thankless. Still, it has its bright spots, its pleasant reminiscences.

Softening of the brain, hysteria, mania, monomania, paralysis and apoplexy, are thought to await the man or woman whose dire destiny has called him or her to this mode of earning his or her livelihood. Breaking stones on the road is thought to be easy in comparison to it. Statistics are said to inform us (and though a friend of mine maintains statistics are fallacious, I am a believer in them,) that a great proportion of the unhappy tenants of asylums are literary men, chiefly editors. Still, as I said, the editorial life has its bright spots.

And yet, on the whole, the condition of an editor, as Thackeray found to his cost, is a laborious and thankless one. To those who love excitement, it is also somewhat dull and dreary. By a singular fatality the houses in which publishers live, and where consequently the magazines or reviews which are their property are edited, are of the most lugubrious and mysterious kind. It is well-bred darkness, but still it is darkness. If by chance you stumble into one of these houses, although may be it is at the West End, you recoil with that fear which the vague, the shadowy, the unintelligible, always arouse.

The tenement is not a shop, or a warehouse, or a cellar, or a club, or a private house, but it partakes a little of the characteristics of all these abodes. The male sex abound there; and however lively and *debonnaire* these identical men are up to the moment they enter, as soon as they cross these thresholds they are changed into mournful undertakers' mute, fatigued, hopeless-looking specimens of mortality. The higher one ascends these cavernous places the worse they are. There are strange echoes up the stairs; there is a buzz and a murmur of voices, and yet there is an unnatural quiet as if dreadful surgical operations were being performed behind closed doors; that sort of stillness which one feels is liable at any moment to break into violent screams; and altogether there is a strong savor of Hood's "Haunted House" permeating them from top to bottom.

In a back-room, on the drawing-room floor of one of these houses, I have spent about six hours a day for the last six years. The carpet has been changed four times, for the marks of my steps pacing up and down, with manuscripts in hand, can, alas! too soon be traced on it. But the chairs have not been changed; the black horse-hair is worn in parts to white; the table-cover is dingy; the dust of twenty years looks down upon me from the window-curtains; the panes of the windows are made partly of clouded glass, but whether by ingrained dirt, or an artificial process, I have never yet discovered. A dim religious light pervades the apartment. The close, mephitic odor of manuscripts blends itself with that indefinite and oppressive compound of smoke and gas which is known as the London smell. If I open my windows I look upon a black balcony where rot the fossil remains of some antediluvian plants. They are furry in texture, and spiky and brittle-looking in form. They may be rudimentary geraniums. The view from these windows is of the backs of other houses or warehouses, I think, for no opposite windows break the monotony of the bare, bald walls. It is utter desolation. The court is paved; but through the interstices of the flags some churchyard-looking weeds grow, colored faintly to a blue greenness. There is a broken pump in the corner which occasionally is inspired by some evil spirit to leak, and then it drops, drops, drops, with uncertain yet sharp-toned splashes on the stones. That noise is horrible to me, and on the days I hear it my temper, I fear, is not all that it ought to be. Such is the *mise-en-scène*, and the occupation carried on in this delectable spot is as follows:

I arrive at nine o'clock. On one table are the letters which the first post has already brought, on another the manuscripts. I sit in an arm-chair, before my desk, at a third. On an average I read and answer daily about three dozen letters; I read every day several manuscripts. What some of these letters, what most of these manuscripts are, words are powerless to describe. There is a belief common to the British mind that the editor of a magazine, besides accepting or rejecting articles offered for his magazine, can distribute patronage and shower pecuniary aid on all who apply to him. He is supposed to be at once and together a Crœsus, a Lord Mayor, and a minister of grace and justice. (N. B.—How completely Spanish and illusory is that last-named combination of qualities!) Some of the letters, though unutterably silly, are touching from the trust and confidence in blindness and sympathy which they reveal. Great sorrow, like great happiness, often teaches an Arcadian simplicity. But these are the minority. The majority are written by persons whose alpha and omega is their own puerile personality. And the manuscripts! To a Rochefoucauld, how much would their mere outsides betray! Desultory, untidy, careless persons send unstitched manuscripts, without addresses, or with false ones. Defiant of spelling, or subversive of grammar, with neither beginning, middle, or end, the melancholy spectacle, the pathetic record of their contents, would make angels weep. There are undoubtedly exceptions. It has occasionally happened that an author who has afterwards found a world-wide acceptance, began his first timorous steps in the field of public favor by sending a story to my periodical.

But do the public or the authors ever remember the patient laborer who toils through reams of badly-written foolscap or cream-laid, to find the few pearls amidst all those shapeless oysters? I have always thought that Mrs. Hemans's poem of the Diver would find an answering chord in the breasts of many editors.

One bitter cold morning, a few days before Christmas, in the year ——, I sat as usual at my desk. Among the heap of manuscripts was one, written on the softest cream-laid French white paper, in a childish lady's hand, on lines which had been carefully erased afterwards. It was a little story of no great literary merit, but there was an aroma of youth and of sweetness in every line. There was a promise in it; it was like the light in the sky before the sun has risen on a fine day—an omen, a portent of sunshine and warmth, but no more. I put it down as if I had touched the petal of a rose. There was a tiny scented note beside it—of course full of italics:—

——— *Street, Dublin, Dec.* —, 186–.

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I send you a little story. I am only sixteen, and papa and mamma do not know *anything* about it, but please tell me if it be worth anything. I *want* it to be printed; I *want* to be paid for it. It is not for myself, though, but I want the money to give my *dear* little brother a *nice little* birthday present.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

Emily ———."

Then came the address and the signature. The writing of the note was less neat and regular than the manuscript. But there was the same fragrance of dainty youth about it.

I held it a long time in my hand. I am an old man; at all events middle aged; perhaps something more; my beard is grey, my hair is grey too. I have no doubt that to the *jeunesse dorée* whom I occasionally meet I wear the look of Dickens's patriarch, but my heart is younger than my appearance. Little distillations came, or seemed to come, from the paper I held. Had I been a Foster or a Home I might perhaps have divined the writer; but, certes, it was with no common feeling of interest that I sat down and wrote my answer to the note. I returned the manuscript, but I wrote gently and tenderly. I gave it as my hope and my opinion that, with a little more care and study, the youthful writer would achieve a success. I even promised to print that identical manuscript if it were a little revised and corrected, and I pointed out how it might be made available. I opened the window of my den after I had written my note. The woods piercing through the flags below had a less dreary look than they had ever had before; a gleam of sunshine shone on them, and their frosty verdure borrowed something of Picciola brightness from it. I posted my letter and the manuscript to the address named, and went home, wondering if ever I should hear from the writer again. With that, however, all thoughts of the manuscript passed away. The author was too timid to reply.

* * * * *

On Christmas Eve I was asked as usual to dine with an old friend of mine at St. John's Wood. He was a married man, with a pleasant comely wife, and several small children, male and female. We dined *en petit comité*.

"The children are not coming down to dinner," said my hostess, "for they are going to give us a surprise afterwards."

I bowed and was delighted, both at the anticipation of pleasure to come and of privation for the first time of considerable present annoyance. I need not say I was then a bachelor. When we went up-stairs after dinner we found the folding-doors which divided the front from the back room closed.

They were opened after a while. The Christmas hymn was sung, and a German tree of the most brilliant splendor was revealed; on its branches were hung gifts worked and embroidered by the children for their parents, and for the friends of their parents. The three little girls and their governess had done it all.

While my friend and his wife were embracing and thanking the children, I had time to notice the governess. She was very young, almost a child herself. A mass of bright hair was gathered up in great waves at each side of her head, and fastened in a loose thick loop behind. The bright curls were so arranged as to reveal the ear. The ear and cheek were, I should rather say they are, like those painted by Leighton in his "Painter's Honeymoon." Need I say more of their ravishing loveliness? But the pretty blue eyes looked as if they had cried a good deal; and there had been recent tears, for the eyelids were somewhat swollen. She was not sad at present, however, for she played on the piano for the children and for me, their old godfather, to dance to, and she joined with us in a game of blind man's buff. When the children retired, she retired also.

"What a charming person," I said.

"She is most excellent," said my friend. "Although she is so young, Miss ——— is the bread provider of her family. Her father and mother have, according to the cant phrase, seen better days; in fact, they are people of good birth, and once had a good fortune. They have a son and daughter; the son is a fine fellow also. Both the son and the daughter give the greater part of their earnings to their parents; but the son has not been very fortunate. My little governess, she is only seventeen (my children are so young they do not require a prim regular governess, for they only study with her three hours a day), does more with her salary, mediocre as it is, than her brother can do with his hard work. He is clerk in a bank."

"And she helps him also, I suppose?"

"I dare say she does, but I have never inquired, for she is full of reticence and reserve on those points. I only know she would sit up all night, and work like a horse all day, to help both her parents and her brother. She is going home to-morrow: but he, I fear, cannot afford the expense of the journey. The parents live now in Scotland."

"Could we not help him?" I said, bashfully.

My friend smiled. Both brother and sister spent Christmas at home.

My good fortune threw me a good deal after this with my friends' governess. Must I say that from that Christmas Eve I was never heart-whole?

The following Easter we were engaged, and before the Christmas Eve which followed we were married. What an aim and a hope my life had now acquired!

We have a little suburban house, and I leave my wife every morning to pursue my editorial labors, and return every evening, forgetting my work and my worries, knowing that the sweetest heart and the fairest face I have ever known await me in my modest but happy home. I have never heard again from the author of the manuscript which had so much interested me; and, truth to tell, had never thought of her since that Christmas Eve. Two or three years have passed since then, and we have two babies. Such babies! I will not rhapsodise; but if rosy flesh, and round contours, and lovely limbs can be called beauty, my girl and my boy would win the prizes in any show of babies in the world.

Their mother is always playing with them. She often puts her delicate, slender white hand under my baby girl's foot, and the baby makes believe to stand on it. What a picture it is! the pink toes, and the dent in the round little ankle, and the pearly instep, harmonise yet contrast so gloriously with the taper fingers, and the blue-veined white of that flower-like hand. It is like a rosebud laid on a white camellia. She then holds up the baby-girl to me, and I kiss it before I go. My two-year-old boy toddles after me and gives me his chubby little fist to hold till I get to the door. And so we live. I could not help, as I sat at my labors a few days ago, recalling the picture of motherly beauty and womanly loveliness I had left at home. How I wished all womanhood could be typified thus!

As I walked up and down the room reading a scratchy scrawly manuscript, and fumbling over it in desperation, for the tiresome person who had sent it had by some ingenious carelessness mulcted it of its last page, my thoughts flew far and wide, and by some association I cannot attempt to explain, the pretty manuscript from the youthful writer who had sent me no more was recalled to me.

Unconsciously the manuscript I held faded from my mind, and the other was present with me. I wondered what had become of her—had she written any more?—where and how was she?

Every moment I became more and more possessed with this memory. I was so happy myself that I felt for all who seemed to have care and struggle in their lives. I looked out the address to which I had written before, and wrote to the unknown a few lines. I said that time had passed (five years, almost,) that the youthful inexperience which had prevented the paper she had sent from being accepted must now be corrected, and that I should be glad and willing to see anything else she had written, if she had written anything since then.

Within a few days, I had an answer. The writing was in a feigned hand, quite unlike the round hesitating girlish hand I had remembered. The words were, however, as sweet and innocent as the first had been.

"It is so good of you," ran the note, "to remember me, but I do not write any more. I am so happy. I have such a dear, kind, good, noble husband, [Oh, these womanly exaggerations, I thought, as I sat in my editorial chair,] and such darling babies. I wrote, for I wanted to help my dear ones, but they have been better helped by others than I could ever have hoped to help them. God has given them a better friend than I could be. If you seek to know me, you shall do so. If when you go home you see a woman with a rose in her hand, hold out yours, you will know me."

I smiled at the romantic fervor of this reply, and a faint desire arose that my wife and the writer of that letter should know each other, and then I went on with my stupefying avocations.

As I went home, I confess I looked about for a woman with a rose in her hand, but as might naturally be supposed, neither in cabs nor omnibuses did such an apparition manifest itself.

As I entered my own door I gave an impatient shrug at the idea of having been the subject of a foolish jest. But whom did I see standing just within the threshold of my home? my darling, with her fair child-like face, and bright hair; love, and joy, and youth crowning her with a tripple crown, and in her hand was a rose!

"Dear husband," she said, as I kissed her, "I think I loved you from the moment I had your kind, indulgent, thoughtful note. I had written that absurd little story, for I sadly wanted a little money to pay for Gerald's return home at Christmas, to be with papa and mamma, and I had a foolish notion I could write."

"And you were disappointed, my pet; what a savage I must have seemed."

"No; I felt how foolish I had been, and I cried heartily, but I thought you good and kind all the same. And Gerald got home, too, and we had a happy Christmas after all."

I kissed her.

"But are you never going to write a story for my magazine again?"

"I do not know," she said, archly; "meanwhile, you can write ours if you like."

Thrive Slowly.

It is dangerous for a man to grow rich and strong faster than he grows good. I do not think it is wise to grow rich too fast, at any rate. I do no mean to say that there may not be men of such stature that they can grow rich rapidly without being hurt by their riches; but generally God makes the road to wealth one of care, so that the process is one of education, and so that, when a man had attained his competence, he has gone through that which is a strengthener, stiffener, and which prevents his being much injured by it. But when men come into the possession of wealth without having earned it, they are apt to be injured by it, because they have not received that education which is necessary to enable them to administer it properly.—*Beecher.*

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER LXI.

A MADWOMAN'S REVENGE.

Night after night, with quiet, stealthy patience, the woman Marie labored at the task she had set herself to do. But it was not every night that she could so work, there were quick ears at White Grange; more than once she had been surprised in the dead of the night by the sudden entrance of Peg Orchard, her youthful jailer, who slept in the next room, and who had been disturbed by the rasping of Marie's knife against the iron window-bars; and on one occasion old Nathan himself had put in a sudden appearance, carrying a lighted candle in his hand; but Marie was far too alert and wary to be caught at work, and was always found in bed by her nocturnal visitors, and to all appearance asleep. So it was only when the wintry wind, blowing shrilly round the exposed Grange, shook the crazy old building in its burly arms, causing doors and windows to rattle and creak, and haunting the dark wakefulness of such of the inmates as could not sleep with strange weird noises, never heard at other times, that she could labor at her task with any degree of safety. And now that task was all but done. With the old knife which she had picked up by stealth in the orchard, she had sawn through two of the iron bars with which one of the windows was secured, or so nearly through them that two or three hours more would see her labor accomplished. Had not the bars been rusted and corroded with age, they would probably have baffled all her efforts with the feeble means at her command; but such as they were, she had overcome every difficulty, and now her reward seemed almost within her grasp.

She had been working for freedom. To get away, anywhere, out of that horrible prison, in which she had been shut up for so many weary, weary weeks, was the one absorbing idea that filled her secret thoughts by day and night. What she should do, after getting away—what was to become of her, without money or friends, at that bleak season of the year, was a thought that rarely troubled her: that one passionate longing to escape absorbed all the little mental energy that was left her in these latter days. Whenever she tried to look forward, to calculate future probabilities, there rose before her mental vision a dim blurred picture, in which everything showed indistinctly, as though seen through a mist that was far too dense for her wearied aching brain to penetrate. It was always the same, too, when she sat down on the floor, and stuffing her fingers into her ears, tried to think out some scheme of vengeance upon the arch-enemy of her life. She knew that Duplessis was beneath the same roof with her; she had heard his voice on two or three occasions, although she had never seen him since the first night of her incarceration; and the sound had filled her with such a secret but intense fury, that had she been able to reach him, she would have flown at his throat like some savage creature of the woods. Yet, with all her hatred of the man, whenever she tried to work out to a definite issue the feelings with which she regarded him, and looking forward to the time when she should be once more a free woman, strove to trace mentally the outline of some scheme by means of which she should wipe off at once and for ever the accumulated score of many years, her feeble brain would again play her false; and however hard she might strive to retain her gripe of them, her thoughts would begin to slide and veer, and crash one against another, like icebergs in a troubled sea; and then the inevitable fog would swoop suddenly down, and everything would become blurred and dim; and she would wake from her reverie with a start, and a childish treble laugh, and set to work with renewed assiduity at the dressing of her dolls. But when midnight came round, and all the house was still, then she seemed an altogether different creature as she crouched on the window-seat, with her knife in her hand, laboring slowly and steadily, with a sort of concentrated ferocity of patience, in which there was no trace of a weakened intellect. "You and I, *cher Henri*, have a heavy account to settle," she would then often murmur to herself. "It is a debt of long standing, and must be paid to the uttermost farthing."

The night fixed upon by Duplessis as the one for the secret expedition of himself and Antoine to Belair, was also the one on which Marie had decided, provided the weather were favorable, to carry out her long-cherished plan of escape. During the afternoon there was a light fall of snow, just sufficient to whiten the moorlands, but not deep enough, except here and there, where it had drifted, to impede walking. As night set in, a keen northerly breeze sprang up, which crisped the falling flakes, and whistled shrilly round the old Grange, grumbling hoarsely in the chimneys, and trying the fastenings of door and window, and making the madwoman's heart beat high with hope. If only it would last till an hour after midnight! She went to bed as usual about ten o'clock: she could trust to her instinct to awake at the first stroke of twelve. When Peg Orchard left her that night, Marie called the girl back after she had got outside the door, to give her another kiss. Then she got into bed, and in five minutes was soundly asleep; but before the clock on the staircase had done striking twelve, she was as wide awake as ever she had been in her life. She sat up in bed, and listened intently. The wind seemed, if anything, more blustering than ever. How lucky that was! She would have dearly liked to scream in chorus with its wild free music, so light-hearted did she feel; but she bit one of her fingers instead till the purple teeth-marks made a deep indented ring round it. Then she slipped noiselessly out of bed, and crept to the door, and put her ear to the keyhole. *Diable!* they were not all in bed yet, those beasts there! She could distinguish a faint murmur of voices below stairs; and presently a door opened, and the voices grew louder, and then she recognised them for the voices of Duplessis and Antoine; and she snarled in the dark, as she listened to them, like some ferocious animal. She could not distinguish a word that was said, and in a minute or two the two men seemed to go out at the front door, and then everything but the wind was still. For a full hour longer, she crouched against the door, except for her breathing, as rigid and motionless as a mummy; listening, with all her senses on the alert; but the dead silence inside the house was unbroken by any sound that owed its origin to human agency. When the clock struck one, she rose up, as silent as a shadow, and stretched out her cramped arms, and pushed the tangled ends of hair out of her eyes, and began to set about her great achievement. An hour's quiet steady labor with her jagged blade, and at the end of that time the first great obstacle was overcome; the two bars, sawn completely through, came away from their places, and were carefully deposited by her on the floor. The window was a considerable height from the ground, but that was a difficulty readily overcome. Taking the sheets and coverlet off the bed, she dexterously twisted and knotted them into a stout serviceable rope, one end of which she proceeded to fasten round the stump of one of the bars, while the other end hung down outside nearly to the ground. But little now remained to be done. Having inducted herself into a little more clothing than she had been in the habit of wearing for some time past, but still with her favorite red flannel dressing-robe outside, and with a white handkerchief thrown over her head, and tied under her chin, she felt herself thoroughly equipped for her undertaking. In one corner of the room was a rude box, in which she had been in the habit of keeping her dolls, and the little scraps of finery out of which their dresses were manufactured. One by one she took up the puppets and kissed them tenderly. "I am going to leave you, my pretty ones," she murmured. "You will look for me to-morrow, but I shall not be here. I am going a long, long journey; whither, as yet, I hardly know; but out into the snow and cold wind, where your tender little buds of life would quickly perish. I leave you to the care of that good child, Peg. She will attend to you when I shall be far away. And now, adieu! I love not to part from you, but freedom is before me, and I cannot stay. Adieu! my little ones, adieu!"

She shut down the lid of the box with a weary sigh, and then stood thinking, or trying to think, for the effort was almost a futile one, with her hands pressed tightly across her temples; but whatever the idea might be that she was striving to grasp, it was gone before she could seize it, so, with an impatient little "Pouf!" she dismissed the subject from her mind. One more pull, to test the strength of the knots she had made in her rope; she took up her knife, kissed it, and stuck it in her girdle; and then she crept through the open window, and taking the rope in both hands, slid nimbly to the ground, and felt that she was free. There must have been a sort of mental intoxication in the feeling, for no sooner had she reached the ground than she went down on her knees, and seizing her short black hair in both hands, as though to steady herself in some measure, she gave vent to a burst of horrible silent laughter, a sort of laughter that was largely mingled with ferocity, and which seemed almost to tear her in two, so violent was it, leaving her breathless and exhausted when it died out, which it did as suddenly as it had begun. "I've not been so gay for a long time," she murmured, as she gathered herself up, and set her face towards the open moors. "I could sing, to-night; I could dance—oh, how I could dance! only it would not be decorous in a lady circumstanced as I am."

The window through which she had escaped was at the back of the house, and Marie now found herself in the rick-yard, as it was called, from which a gate opened at once on to the moors. One source of disquietude was removed from her mind: she knew that Duke, the great house-dog, had gone with one of the young men to a distant fair; Peg had told her so; so there was no fear of an encounter with him. Just outside the rick-yard gate, Marie's eye was caught by something, and she stopped for a moment to think. What she saw was a small grindstone, placed there for the use of the household. Next minute, the stone was going slowly round, with the blade of Marie's knife pressed against its surface.

She went on her way after a time, walking across the moors in a direct line from the back of the Grange. The night was clear and frosty. The heavy snow-clouds had broken here and there, and through the wide rifts the stars were shining brightly. From snow and stars together, there came quite as much light as Marie needed, and she went onward without hesitation, neither knowing nor caring whither her errant footsteps might lead her; knowing and caring only that every step forward removed her so much further from the abhorred prison she had just left. She was not greatly troubled by any thoughts of pursuit; she knew that, in all probability, her escape would not be discovered till daybreak, by which time she should be long miles away; and she had all a lunatic's faith in her own cunning and ability to outwit her enemies. She was the sole living thing to be seen on that white desert; but the loneliness of the situation had no terrors for her, and she went calmly on her way, singing now and again a verse from some *chanson* descriptive of the loves of Corydon and Phyllis *à la Française*.

She had left the Grange a mile or more behind her, and now the road, or rude footpath, for it was nothing more, to which she had kept, dipping from the higher levels of the moor, began to tend gently downward; as it did so, the sound of falling water took her ear, and in a little while she came to a deep cleft or ravine in the hillside, at the bottom of which a little stream, whose voice the frost had not yet succeeded in silencing, was brawling noisily. This gash in the fair hillside evidently resulted from some throe of nature countless ages ago. It was from eighty to a hundred feet in depth, and from fifteen to twenty feet wide. Both its sides formed sheer precipices of black rock, as bare and devoid of verdure as on the day they were first laid open to the sky; but the margin of the ravine was fringed here and there with thickets of stunted shrubs. The path traversed by Marie led direct to this ravine, across which a rude foot-bridge had been thrown, to accommodate the inmates of the Grange, for this was the nearest way down to the high-road in the valley leading to certain outlying villages where the family at the Grange had sometimes business to transact, and effected, as regards those places, a saving of nearly three miles over the orthodox road; beside which, if there was a heterodox road to anywhere, old Nathan Orchard was just the man to take such road from choice. This bridge over the ravine was of a very primitive character, consisting as it did of nothing more permanent than a few strands of rope stretched across, and fastened on each side to the stumps of trees, with cross-strands of thinner rope, over which were laid a few pieces of planking, pierced at the corners, and tied with strong wire to the cords below. As a further security, a hand-rail of stout rope was stretched from side to side about three feet above the bridge itself. To any person with weak nerves, the crossing of this rude bridge, which began to sway in an alarming manner the moment you set foot on it, was not unattended with danger, seeing that a single

*This story is based on fact.—*Ed. London Once a Week.*

false step would serve to precipitate you to the bottom, and leave but little chance of your being found alive afterwards; but such as it was, it had served the family at the Grange for many years, and was likely to last for many years to come.

Marie stepped fearlessly on to the bridge, and pausing when she reached the middle of it, took hold of the hand-rope, and leaning over, gazed down into the dim caldron at her feet. Eastward, the moon was rising over heathery hills, and the clouds fell away before it as it slowly climb the great azure plains, and little by little all the wild features of the scene were lighted up under the eyes of the mad-woman. She could see the black riven sides of the gorge, looking as if they had been torn asunder only an hour ago; she could see the glinting of the white water where it tumbled over a ledge of rock some twenty feet in height, and again, as it seethed and bubbled angrily among the jagged granite teeth with which its after-course was thickly strewn; and as she gazed and listened, the voice of the water seemed to syllable itself into words intended for her ear alone. "Come to me, come to me," it seemed to say; "here 'tis ever sweet to be—sweet to be." Nothing more; only those few words, over and over again, in a sort of murmurous sing-song, that awoke vague echoes in her brain. The water spoke to her as plainly as she had ever heard human voice speak. The danger, and she seemed to know it, lay in the perpetual iteration of the words, "Come to me," the effect of which upon her excitable nerves was to work her up into a sort of dreamy ecstasy, which might not improbably culminate in her striving to obey the invitation by leaping headlong from the bridge into the gulf below. She strove, however, to break through the spell that was being woven over her, dragging herself slowly and with difficulty, as though she were being plucked at behind by invisible hands, from the spot where she had been standing, to the edge of the ravine, and stumbling forward on her knees the moment she felt herself on firm ground.

"Sorceress, I have escaped thee!" she cried aloud. "I will not obey thy summons. Thy silvery voice would lure me to destruction. But hark! I hear another voice. One whom I know well is coming this way, and he must not see me. Hush!"

Still kneeling, and with upraised finger in the act of listening, all the pulses of her being seemed to stand still for a moment, while she waited to hear again the voice which had startled her. It came again, and this time nearer than before. There could be no mistaking whose voice it was; and as its familiar tones fell on Marie's ear, she forgot all about the water-sprite's invitation—forgot everything except the one fact, that the man whom she hated with all a lunatic's intensity of hate was close beside her, and that there were now no stone walls, no iron bars between them two. As she realized fully that this was indeed so, a great wave of fire seemed to sweep across her brain; and all at once the moon looked blood-red, and the stars took the same color, and all her muscles seemed to harden, and her fingers began to grope instinctively for the haft of her knife. There was a thick clump of underwood growing close to the spot where she was kneeling, and partly overhanging the brink of the ravine. She was only just in time to reach the shelter of these shrubs, when the head and shoulders of a man came into view above the opposite slope of the hill; and the same instant the handsome, crafty face of Duplessis was evanescently lighted up by the blaze of a fusee, as the Canadian paused for a moment in the act of lighting another cigar. As he did so, he spoke again, addressing himself to Antoine, who was toiling painfully up some distance behind his master: "Another little pull, my cabbage, and we shall be on level ground, and then half an hour's brisk walking will take us to the Grange. An hour of this exercise every morning before breakfast, would soon bring down that overfed carcass of thine to something like reasonable proportions."

"Oh, Monsieur Henri," panted Antoine, "but it is cruel, my faith, to drag persons of delicate stomach up these precipices! Why wasn't the world made without hills? It would have been a much pleasanter place to live in than it is now." The glowing tip of the cigar was coming nearer and nearer to the mad-woman hidden in the thicket. "But with regard to *La Chatte Rouge*," continued Antoine, "has Monsieur given my proposition due consideration? It is simple, it is safe, it is effectual. Let Monsieur go to Paris and enjoy himself, and leave Antoine to clip the claws of La Chatte."

"*Sellbrat!*" hissed the madwoman from her hiding place. "La Chatte would like to drink thy heart's blood!"

The glowing tip was very close now. Duplessis, with one foot on the bridge, and one still on firm ground, paused for an instant to answer Antoine.

"Take care, my infant," he said laughingly, "that she doesn't claw thine eyes out in the process." With that he took hold of the hand-rope, and came forward, step by step, slowly and cautiously. The frail structure bent and swayed under his weight in a way that might well have alarmed a man of weaker nerve. He had reached the middle of the bridge, when he looked up suddenly, for the dry branches of brushwood were crackling, as if some one were hidden among them; and then he saw that he stood face to face with the woman of whom he had just been speaking. She rose before him like an avenging spirit, her eyes blazing with madness, and her white face distorted with an intensity of hate such as no words could have expressed.

"I am here, Henri Duplessis," she said; "here—*comprends tu?* and thy prisoner no longer. The hour of our reckoning has come at last!"

Her fingers were still nervously seeking something in the folds of the shawl that confined her waist; and as she spoke, she moved a step or two forward. So unlooked for, so utterly unexpected was the apparition of this woman, that for once Duplessis lost his presence of mind. As Marie made a step forward, he took one backward; and as he did so, his foot slipped off the narrow plank on which he was standing, thickly crusted as it was with frozen snow. He slipped and fell, with a wild, inarticulate cry of horror; but as his feet slid from under him, he clutched convulsively at the hand-rope, which yielded fearfully to the sudden strain, but did not break; and so he hung for a few seconds over the ravine, making desperate efforts to recover his footing on the slippery planks. With a cry that seemed like an echo of his master's, Antoine rushed forward to the assistance of Duplessis; but Marie was at the bridge before him. For one brief instant, the blade of her knife gleamed whitely in the moonlight, and then it came swiftly down on the rope by which Duplessis was hanging, severing the strands one by one with its keen edge; and while Marie's wild maniacal laugh, that was as much a shriek as a laugh, rang shrilly over the moorland, the last strands gave way, and Duplessis, still clinging to the rope, was dashed with frightful violence against the opposite side of the ravine, and falling thence, came down with a dull thud, which chilled the blood of Antoine to hear, on to the sharp-pointed rocks below, round which the angry stream was ever brawling.

Again the maniac's shrill laughter awoke the faint moorland echoes. "Gone! gone! and Marie is revenged at last," she shrieked. "How his eyes glared at me in the moonlight as he hung by the rope! I never felt so merry before—never—never." And with that she broke into one of her *chansons*, and wandered away towards the head of the ravine, as forgetful, apparently, of the recent tragedy, as though no such person as Henri Duplessis had ever existed; while heart-broken Antoine, calling his master's name aloud, went searching, like one half-crazed, for some path by which he could obtain access to the bottom of the ravine.

CHAPTER XLII.

ANTOINE'S NARRATIVE.

Towards the close of a bright February afternoon, about a month after the events related in the foregoing chapter, a man, well wrapped up from the weather, might have been seen tolling slowly through the park on his way to Belair. To the footman who answered his imperative ring at the side-door, he gave a parcel, done up in brown paper, and sealed with several great splashes of red wax, and charged him to deliver the same without delay into the hands of Lady Spencelaugh, and of no one but her; and then adding that no answer was required, he slunk away from the door, and was presently swallowed up in the dusky park, seeming to melt into and become a portion of the dim shadows that were mustering so thickly under the branches of the old trees.

The packet, on being opened, was found to contain Lady Spencelaugh's stolen jewels: not a single stone was missing. Beside the stolen property, there was a letter addressed to her Ladyship, written in French by Antoine Gaudin, but too lengthy to be given here in its entirety. Of its chief points, however, as explanatory of certain events narrated in the earlier chapters of this history, the following may be taken as a free translation; although it was difficult, here and there, to make out the sense of the original, owing to Antoine's execrable writing, and his curious method of spelling, based, apparently, on some phonetic system of his own.

My Lady—In the interests of human nature in general, and of the late lamented Monsieur Henri Duplessis in particular, it is requisite that the underwritten explanation of certain events as drawn up by me, Antoine Gaudin, be read with serious attention by your Ladyship. It is a justification to the world of the great heart that has gone from among us. For, alas, Madame, my dearly-loved master is no more! My eyes are wet as I write these words. But for the moment, I put Sentiment, the generous, the profound, on one side, and will try to set down what I have got to say after the fashion you English love so much—in a "business like way." (Ah, the droll phrase!)

Monsieur Henry Duplessis was born in Canada, of a noble French family that emigrated to that country about a century ago. My mother was his foster-mother, and I was his foster-brother, and so I learned to love him, and devoted myself to his fortune through life. M. Henri's parents both died when he was quite young; and when he came of age, he found himself master of a handsome fortune, with all the inclination to enjoy it. At that time, he was young, ardent, generous, and impulsive, and as handsome as Apollo's self. We—that is, he and I—set out on our travels; and first we determined to see whatever the American States could show us that was worthy of our regards. To my dear master, after the studious and secluded life to which he had been condemned during his youth, New York seemed a very Paradise of delights, and he tasted of every pleasure that it had to offer him. Grown tired after a time of city-life, he determined to study nature in some of her wilder moods, and man in some of his more primitive aspects, and we set out for the Far West. It was while we were taking this journey, on our way to the prairies, at a little town in one of the Western states, that my dear master first encountered the evil genius of his life in the person of Marie Ferrier. Marie was an actress, born in America, of French parents; young and enchanting enough at that time, I must admit, with a certain devil's beauty about her, which had for M. Henri an irresistible but fatal attraction. It was on the stage that he first saw her. She was performing her great part in a piece adapted from the French, entitled *La Chatte Rouge*, in which she appeared in a flame-colored robe, and in a certain dark scene with real phosphorescent flames playing about her head; and enacted a sort of beneficent fiend, avenging her own wrongs, and those of the good people of the play at the same time. She was not an actress that would please a first-class audience; she lacked both education and refinement; but she was not without power of a certain kind, and was much run after in the rough country towns where she commonly played.

Well, my master fell in love with *La Chatte* at first sight. It was not difficult for a man in his position to obtain an introduction to her, and he was not the less fascinated when he saw her off the stage. Certainly she was a splendid animal at that time. My master made love ardently, proved to her the extent of his fortune, overwhelmed her with lavish presents, and ended by asking her to become his wife, and accompany him to Europe. In a brief three weeks from the night on which he first saw her, they were husband and wife.

They went to Europe, but I was left behind. Madame did not like me, and I did not like Madame; and M. Henri was so infatuated just then that he was persuaded into giving me my *congé*. They spent five years on the Continent, at the end of which time Monsieur returned to his own country, beggared in purse, and separated from his wife; and little by little the wretched story came out. Gambling, and extravagance of every kind; leading by easy but rapid steps to bankruptcy and general ruin; and combined therewith, the bitter certainty that the woman he had loved with such foolish madness had only cared for him because of his money—and to his proud spirit that was the bitterest stroke of all. My master was a man of strong passions—a hot lover and a fierce hater—and he now hated the woman to whom he was chained for life with a depth of hatred equal to the love he had formerly borne her. Of all his fortune, nothing now remained to him but a little farm in a wild part of the country, and thither he and I now retired from the world, and spent three or four quiet years. Those years at Petit-Maison I believe to have been the happiest of my dear master's life. No longer able to move in that society which he loved so much, and of which he had ever been so bright an ornament, he fell into his new and narrow mode of life with the native cheerfulness of a true gentleman, whom nothing can ever really disturb so long as he retains his faith in himself. He looked after his farm, and read his books; and by way of variety, he and I would often go on long fishing-excursions to the lakes. But by-and-by, an aunt of M. Henri died, and left him another fortune—a little one, this time, and by no means equal to the fortune he had spent; and with it came the desire to go out once more into the world, and resume his position in society. Of Madame, we had heard nothing positive for a long time. We only knew that she had taken to her old mode of life, and was wandering somewhere among the outlying states with an itinerant troop of players. Among his friends in Toronto and Montreal, it was, of course, known that M. Henri had been married; but as no one there had ever seen his wife, and as it was known that he had been living *en garçon* for the last three or four years, people concluded that Madame was dead, and, for reasons of his own, my dear master was desirous that such a belief should be universally adopted. What, then, was our surprise and disgust, when, one morning, about a fortnight after our arrival at Montreal, Madame Marie turned up at our hotel, and demanded to see M. Henri. To deny her was out of the question. By some means, best known to herself, she had heard that my master was once more a rich man, and she had come with the intention of doing her best to ruin him for the second time. She demanded one of two things: either to be acknowledged as the wife of M. Duplessis, and received as such by his friends; or else to be subsidised by a sum equivalent to half his annual income, on condition that she kept the marriage secret, and never entered Canada again.

To no other terms would the harpy listen; and my master was fain, at last, to accede to her second proposition, and so rid himself of her presence for ever. Having settled everything so much to her own advantage, she set out on her return to the States, but had only left Montreal a few hours when she was seized with illness so severe as to be unable to continue her journey. An address found on her person caused my master to be sent for; and on reaching the hotel where she lay, we found her far gone in a severe attack of brain-fever. She ran a close race for her life; ultimately, she recovered; but the fever had left her with a twist of the brain, which made it doubtful whether she would ever be fit to mingle with sane people again. It seems that there was a hereditary taint of insanity in her family, and now the blight had fallen upon her. My master had her placed in a private asylum, kept by a man of the name of Van Goost; and it was fully understood between them that Madame was to be considered as insane during the remainder of her life; Van Goost, in fact, constituted himself her jailer for life, for which service he was of course handsomely paid.

After this little episode, M. Henri, accompanied by your humble servant, set out for Europe for the second time; and it was in the course of this tour that we first had the honor of meeting your Ladyship and the late excellent Sir Philip. Your Ladyship knows how the acquaintance began; how we all came to England together; how my master took up his residence at Lilac Lodge; and what a great favorite he was with Sir Philip. It was some time before this that the brilliant idea had first struck him, which he now began to elaborate carefully. Marie was shut up for life; he himself was, to all intents and purposes, a free man; he would marry an heiress, and make his own fortune and mine at the same time. Ah, the beautiful scheme! it was worthy the genius of M. Henri. The charming Mademoiselle Frederica was the object of his adoration; and he would have married her, Madame, as surely as you read these lines (and what an excellent husband he would have made her! for he had the good, the noble heart), but for a most unhappy accident. That accident was the escape of *La Chatte Rouge* from the custody of the Herr Van Goost. She got into Van Goost's private room the night she went away, and ransacked his papers till she found a letter containing M. Henri's address in England; and in less than a month from that night, she arrived at Kingsthorpe Station. She was disagreeable at first, and seemed inclined to spoil everything; but ultimately she fell into M. Henri's views, and agreed to pass as his sister, but insisted upon being introduced as such to his friends at Belair. With an understanding to that effect, my master left her; but to introduce this uncultured creature—who required winding up with cognac every morning, and whose manners and conversation had a coarse theatrical tinge—as his sister to the refined and courtly Sir Philip, and to the beautiful miss who was to be his wife, was more than he could bear to do. In this emergency, Antoine proved himself a useful ally.

On the third day of Madame's stay at Kingsthorpe, M. Henri went to fetch her away, on pretence of taking her to more comfortable apartments in a neighboring town. He drove her round by way of the old coast-road, as being more lonely and suitable for the purpose he had in view. Half-way along this road, in a curve of the moors, there lay perdue a covered cart, in attendance on which were your humble servant, and another individual whom it is unnecessary to name. Madame was evidently distrustful of M. Henri's intentions; and when, shortly after leaving Kingsthorpe, her nose began to bleed, her superstitious nature at once put down that little incident as a bad omen, and she implored him to take her back; but he only laughed at her ridiculous fancies, as he called them, and drove on faster. When opposite the spot where we lay hidden, M. Henri requested Madame to alight, on the plea that something was wrong with one of the wheels of the gig. She got down, and seated herself on the grass, close by the spot known as Martell's Leap. The signal agreed upon as a summons to us who were in hiding was a shrill whistle. The signal was no long in coming, that I grew curious at last, and popped my head over a hillock to see how affairs were progressing; when what should I see but Monsieur and Madame struggling together like two mad people, and apparently trying which could throw the other over the precipice. One of them was really mad, and that was Madame, as we were not long in discovering, when we succeeded in separating them, which we did only just in time—another minute would have seen one or both of them tumbled from the cliff. Madame's old malady had suddenly come back upon her as she sat there on the grass; and when M. Henri approached her, she sprang up, and seized him by the throat, and swore that she would fling him over the precipice. "In the sudden surprise of such an attack, I forgot everything except the very proper desire I had to keep my neck unbroken," said M. Henri, afterwards. "I forgot entirely that a single cry for help would have brought you two worthy fellows to my assistance; and I believe I should have gone over the cliff in grim silence, had you not appeared just at that last opportune moment which is always provided in plays and romances for the rescue of virtue in distress."

It was a raving madwoman, tied tightly down among the straw at the bottom of the light cart, that we took that evening across the moors to a certain house, where her coming as a sane woman had been provided for. Shut up here from the world, she was at liberty to be mad or not, as pleased her best; what would be her ultimate fate, was a question left open for future decision; she was removed from my master's path, and M. Henri was now at liberty to act as though no such creature were in existence.

Who was the writer of the mysterious letter received by my master one night about two months after Madame Marie had been so judiciously disposed of? That is a question which neither M. Henri nor I was ever able to answer. It was a letter written under a wrong impression—written under the impression that M. Henri had committed a murder; warning him that his crime was discovered, and that the police were on his track; and advising him to flee while he had yet an opportunity of doing so. He did flee—not that he had committed the crime imputed to him, but because his staying would have involved the discovery to the world of that dark secret which he had been at such pains to hide from it; and, as he afterwards confessed, he lacked the courage to go through such an ordeal. His hopes were crushed at one fell blow; the edifice which he had been patiently building for so long a time had crumbled into ruins at his feet; and there was nothing left for him but to get away as quickly as possible. He lay hid in London for several weeks, and then he ventured down to Monkshire in disguise, and took up his abode for a time in the very house where his mad wife was shut up; and there I joined him. By this time, his second fortune was almost gone; for, without being extravagant in any way, his expenses had been heavy, and so long as the prospect of a wealthy marriage lured him on, he hardly cared how his money went. But it was now, when the dreadful eyes of poverty were staring him in the face, that the happy genius of M. Henri showed at its brightest. He conceived a brilliant scheme, which, if it proved successful, would rehabilitate his broken fortunes at a single *coup*. You, Madame, as the victim of that plot, are scarcely perhaps the proper personage to appreciate its brilliancy; but I will venture to state that no disinterested person could become acquainted with its details, without passing a eulogy on the daring and ingenuity with which its every step was characterized.

How we sped that night at Belair, your Ladyship knows as well as he who writes these lines, for your two visitors were none other than M. Henri Duplessis and Antoine Gaudin; and the survivor of the two now craves your Ladyship's pardon for the violence which the necessities of the case compelled him to resort to. We had succeeded, M. Henri and I, almost beyond our expectations: the gems which my master had on his person when we left Belair that night, would, in that New World to which we were bound, have formed the nucleus of the colossal fortune which M. Henri had determined on devoting all his future energies to building up; and that he would have succeeded, who that knew him could gainsay? But for him no such bright future was ever to dawn. We were walking across the moors on our way home, when that wretch—that tigress—that fiend incarnate, who with devilish cunning had contrived to make her escape, suddenly confronted my master, who was walking a short distance in front of me; and before I had time to interfere in my way, he was no longer among the living. The precise mode of his death, it is needless to detail here. It is sufficient to say that that woman is his murderess; and had I been able to reach her at the time, she would not have escaped with life. My dear master lies buried under the wild moorland: these hands dug his grave, and these eyes were the last that looked on him before the turf was laid over his head that covered him up from human ken for ever. It was better so; all the "inquests" in the world could not have brought him back to life for a single moment; and he will sleep none the worse in that he does not rest under the shadow of one of your churches. I return you the gems and other articles borrowed by M. Duplessis from your Ladyship. Now that his dear master is dead, Antoine cares not to retain them.

From this narrative, your Ladyship will perceive how largely M. Duplessis was the victim of unfortunate circumstances; and remembering this, you will not fail to do him justice in your recollections. You, Madame, know what he was in society—how handsome, how witty, how accomplished; but the silver lining of his character—his goodness, his generosity, the thorough nobility of his disposition, can never, alas! be known fully to any one but to him who writes these lines—that is to say, Madame, to your Ladyship's humble and devoted servant,

Antoine Gaudin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Self-Struggle.—The following, duly signed, was lately contained in a Western paper:—"Whereas, at particular times I may importune my friends and others to let me have liquor, which is hurtful to me and detrimental to society; this is, therefore, to forbid any person selling me liquor, or letting me have it on any account, for if they do, I will positively prosecute them, notwithstanding any promise I may make to the contrary at the time they may let me have it."

☞ A New Air gun.—A Frenchman has invented an air-gun which he calculates is capable of killing off the inhabitants of the earth in about fourteen years.

☞ A Common Idea of The Providential.—Fifty years ago an old woman named Brown, the wife of a Deal boatman, had charge and kept the key of the Deal Theatre. The manager, calling upon her preparatory to commencing his summer season, asked: "What sort of a winter have you passed, Mrs. Brown?" "Dreadful, sir," she replied. "If a kind Providence had not sent us two or three wrecks, I don't know what would have become of us."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Telegraphing Sounds.

A man in Frankfort, Germany, invented, some years since, an instrument by which it is said that musical sounds can be telegraphed. It is well known that when a rod of soft iron is placed in a coil of wire it is magnetised when a current is sent through the coil, and demagnetised when the current ceases. A distinct sound like a tick accompanies the demagnetization. There is apparently no limit to the rapidity with which this can be obtained. Each break in the coil circuit produces this tick, however rapid one may follow the other. Reis places an iron rod and a coil at the receiving station, and by means of a light membrane made to vibrate by the sound of the human voice or other musical instrument at the sending stations, he produces as many interruptions in the circuit and ticks of the rods as there are vibrations in the various notes. The reproduced notes, though of the same pitch, are not of the same quality as the transmitting notes. They are very faint, and resemble the sound of a toy trumpet.

☞ A musician at an exhibition of scriptural tableaux having been requested to play characteristic music for each scene, convulsed the audience, when the subject of "Christ walking on the water" was presented, by striking up "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and for that of the "Prodigal Son's return" the air of "Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market is inactive. About 9000 bbls sold at $8,75 for superfine; $9@10,50 for extra; $11@12,75 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; $12@13,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@16 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $7,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce. We quote Pennsylvania red at $2,65@3,10, and southern at $3@3,25; white ranges from $3,20 to 3,40. Rye commands $1,35 to 1,38. Corn—Sales of new yellow at $1@1,02 and old do at $1,17@1,18. Oats—1500 bus sold at 57@58c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are reported at $22@24,50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork, 15@18c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 12½@13c for pickled do, 9½@10c for salt Shoulders; 12½@13c for prime Lard in bbls and tcs; and 15@35c ₩ lb for Butter, as to quality.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 600 bales sold in lots, at 33½@34c for Uplands, and 33@36c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—20 hhds of 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $34 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 40c ₩ lb.

COAL—Sales are making at $5@5,25 for White Ash, and $5,25@5,50 ₩ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 60@65c, and choice at 87@90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $2@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—3000 lbs sold at 8½@10c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 15@16c, halves at 18@19c, and pared at from 30@35c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed, 800 lbs sold at $8@8,50 for old, and $9@9,50 ₩ bus for new. Timothy is selling at $4,50@5,75. Flaxseed sells at $2,½@3 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2,65@2,67 ₩ gallon. Whiskey; Penna bbls are offered at $2,10, and Ohio at $2,25@2,30 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales are reported at 11@11½c for city rendered.

WOOL—There is more doing in the way of sales. About 200,000 lbs sold in lots at from 62@65c for extra fine; 55@60c for fine; 49@51c for a clean; 40@41c for coarse; 47@50c for tub washed; 31@34c for unwashed, and 32@34c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 7200 head. The prices realized from 15½@16c ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ₩ lb. 4500 Hogs sold at from $9,50@10,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

An Attractive Girl in Paris.

A young girl of thirteen, Miss Dumesnil, is said to be imbued with a fluid of an extraordinary attractive power, which attracts all objects of wood which surround her. Chairs and tables are instantly attracted toward her when she approaches near to them. She has only become possessed of this attractive faculty for the last three weeks. The phenomenon has been witnessed by many persons to whom she is known, and the Faculty will probably be called upon to give explanation in regard to it. The writer adds that a great personage has sent for the girl, to be convinced of the truth of the extraordinary accounts which have obtained publicity respecting her. The girl is employed as a wood-polisher, and lives with her parents, who are poor people.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 9th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 522 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; moles, worms and warts permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec22-3m

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Gents:—The confidence I have in Perry Davis' Pain Killer, as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Burns, Sprains, and Rheumatism, for the cure of which I have successfully used it, induces me cheerfully to recommend its virtues to others. A few months ago I had recourse to it to destroy a felon; although I had never heard of its being used for that purpose, but having suffered intensely from a former one, and having no other remedy at hand, I applied the Pain Killer freely for about fifteen minutes at evening, and repeated the application very briefly the next morning, which entirely destroyed the felon, and increased my confidence in the utility of the remedy. Yours truly,

A. W. CURTIS, Romeo, Mich.,

Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

dec29-2t

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☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. GEORGE W. WILLIAMS to Miss ELLEN GAMBLE, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. J. E. Smith, Mr. JOHN S. FLOYD to Miss NELLIE M. WARD, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. FRANCIS PARNES, of Manayunk, to SARAH CORNELIA, daughter of Mr. Wm. J. Warner, of Frankford.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. H. Sisty, Mr. FREDERICK HUMMEL to Mrs. SUSAN S. YOUNG, both of this city.

At Athensville, on the 19th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Anderson, GEORGE H. BARNS, Esq., to Miss MARIA LOUISA, daughter of J. T. Pearce, Esq., all of Lower Merion, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, EMMELINE C. BROWN, wife of David Paul Brown, of Phila.

On the 18th instant, EDWARD C. DALE, in his 66th year.

On the 17th instant, MARGARET KIRKLAND, relict of the late Capt. Abraham Kimmey, in her 84d year.

On the 17th instant, JOHN VERLINDEN, in his 47th year.

On the 17th instant, at Burlington, N. J., HANNAH B. MOTT, in her 74th year.

On the 16th instant, GEORGE P. TATEM, in his 30th year.

On the 15th instant, MRS. CATHARINE FORD, aged 67 years.

On the 16th instant, THEOPHILUS H. PENNER, in his 42d year.

On the 14th instant, MRS. AGNES DUNLAP, in her 84th year.

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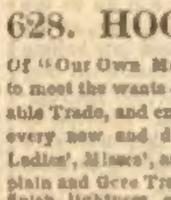
nov16-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

ORATORIOS AND CANTATAS.—ORATORIOS.—The Creation, Haydn, cloth $2, boards $1 50, paper $1 25. Messiah, Handel, cloth $2, boards $1 50, paper $1 25. Moses in Egypt, Rossini, $2 25. David, Neukomm, $1. St. Paul, Mendelssohn, cloth $1, boards $1 50, paper $1 25. Eli, Costa, cloth $2 50, boards $2, paper $1 75. Naaman, Costa, cloth $2 50, boards $2, paper $1 75. Mt. Sinai, Neukomm, $1. Praise to God, Bristow, $2 25.

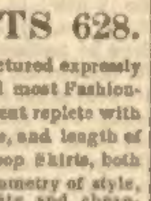
CANTATAS.—As the Hart Pants, Mendelssohn, boards 50 cts., paper 50. Hear my Prayer, Mendelssohn, 50. Hymn of Praise, Mendelssohn, $1. Miriam's Song of Triumph, Schubert, 75. Praise of Friendship, Mozart, 50. St. Cecilia's Day, Van Hreo, cloth $1 25, paper $1. May Queen, Bennett, cloth $1 25, paper 50. The Morning, Reiss, 50. Storm King, Baker, 37. Burning Ship, Baker, 63. Winter Evening's Entertainment, Cull, cloth $1 25, paper $1. Transient and Eternal, Romberg, 38. Great Rebellion, Webster, $2. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers, Boston.



Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with Stamp, Prof. S. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. oct27-3m

WANTED—AGENTS.—$10 per day can be made selling FROST KING, a positive cure for Chilblains or Frosted Feet. Has cured thousands, and saved much suffering. Sent by return mail, for $1. Address UMSTOT & CO., Washington, Guernsey Co., Ohio. Box 132.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 25 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 920, Boston, Mass.

You must have CLOTHING.

You want, FIRST, to get a GOOD article.

You then want it as CHEAP as POSSIBLE.

This is natural and right enough.

The question is WHERE to buy?

It is to your PERSONAL interest to consider the following facts:

There is organized in Philadelphia an immense establishment to make FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING, and to make it cheaper than CUSTOMARY. The materials are bought DIRECT from the best American and European manufacturers, and thus considerable is saved. Full prices are paid to workmen, so as to ensure substantial and handsome garments; the Salesmen and Clerks are such that customers can fully rely upon them, and every effort is made to please and suit patrons, so as to KEEP as well as make custom. The result of combined industry, system, and close application of all the employees, has secured a model establishment, a SUPERIOR style of Clothing, and VERY MODERATE prices.

This House is located at the CORNER of SIXTH STREET, and extends from MARKET TO MINOR STREETS, and is now the most extensive concern of the kind in Philadelphia.

You are asked to patronize and encourage this enterprise.

We have,

1st—Gent's Ready-Made Clothing.
2d—Special Department For Youth's and Boy's Clothing.
3d—Custom Department To Make to Order.
4th—Gent's Furnishing Goods in Large Variety.

Yours, very respectfully,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. 6th & Market,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ It will be well worth a visit, whether you want to buy or not.

☞ Samples sent by mail or express when desired.

oct13-3m

FIRST PREMIUM

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, OTHER, TUCK, RUN UP BRAIDING, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
oct 6-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

MENDENHALL'S

Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,

Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,

333 Chestnut St, Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct20-tf

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the cure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3618, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec8-16t

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF the United States, to sell "THE LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS," a new work, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, the great historian. The work is finely illustrated, complete in one volume, and ready for subscribers. The author, the theme, and the elegant style in which it is issued, combine to render it one of the best books for Agents ever published in this country. Exclusive territory may be secured by addressing B. B. RUSSELL & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass. dec15-4t

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 2 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	59
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

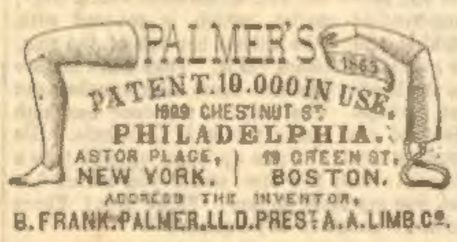
Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	84
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	106
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



B. FRANK. PALMER, LL.D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB, SEC.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,	10.30 A.M. &	11.30 P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at 12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,	8.20 A.M. &	7.10 P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.20	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 9.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 3.30 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-9m No. 137 Dock Street.

A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

FOR YOUR LITTLE DAUGHTER,
Send the "Children's Hour."
FOR YOUR LITTLE SON,
Send the "Children's Hour."
FOR YOUR LITTLE NIECE,
Send the "Children's Hour."
FOR YOUR LITTLE NEPHEW,
Send the "Children's Hour."
FOR YOUR LITTLE COUSIN,
Send the "Children's Hour."
FOR YOUR LITTLE FRIEND,
Send the "Children's Hour."
FOR YOUR POOR NEIGHBOR'S CHILD, send

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR,

A Magazine for the Little Ones.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

We can confidently recommend this new juvenile as not surpassed by any of its class within our knowledge.—*Presbyterian, Cin., O.*

Our little ones are in ecstacies over the first number.—*Gazette, Hudson, Mich.*

We have no hesitation in saying that it will take the highest rank among children's periodicals.—*Gazette, Columbus, O.*

It is just the thing in every point we can think to criticise, to become the favorite of the little ones throughout the continent.—*Times, Dubuque, Iowa.*

The moral and religious tone of the first number is as pure, sweet and cheerful as could be desired.—*Christian Standard, Cleveland, O.*

We are exceedingly pleased with it.—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

The "Children's Hour" is deserving only of commendation.—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburg, Pa.*

TERMS.—$1.25 a year. 5 copies $5. 10 copies, and one extra to the person sending the club, $10. Children's Hour and Arthur's Home Magazine, $3.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
809 and 811 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Canvassing agents, male and female, wanted for the "Children's Hour" in all parts of the United States dec15-3t

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS.

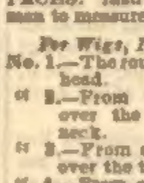
NO SOAP! NO WATER! NO SLOP!

Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish,

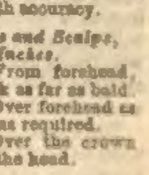
(Patented Oct. 10th, 1865.)

For cleaning and polishing Windows, Mirrors, Gold Silver Plated ware, Brass, Copper, Tin, etc. A new invention of the greatest practical worth, convenience and economy; indispensable to all private housekeepers, hotel-keepers, store-keepers, etc. Address C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York. dec22-4t

"SWINGING ROUND THE CIRCLE," or Andy's Trip to the West, together with a life of its hero "Andrew Johnson." By Petroleum V. Nasby, "A Dimmicrat of 30 years standing." This history begins at the beginning and is carried "so far ez it kin be carried until the suhjik dies or does suthin." 35 comic engravings (some full page ones), making the most humorous book ever printed. Price, only 20 cts. 10 for $1. 100 for $5, postpaid. Address HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H. dec22-3t



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-eow1y

MARCHING ON!

Constantly advancing in public favor, throughout the United States, the British Colonies and Spanish America, and needing no

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS

to proclaim its success, that standard article,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

is now far ahead of any preparation of its class. People of Fashion, at length thoroughly understand the terrible consequences entailed by the use of metallic and caustic preparation, and admit the superiority of this famous vegetable Dye.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by all Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. dec1-3teow

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

LAME BACK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27, 1859.

T. ALLCOCK & Co.—Gentlemen:—I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all I could desire. A single plaster cured me in a week.

Yours respectfully, J. G. BRIGGS,
Proprietor of the Brandreth House.

CURE OF CRICK IN THE BACK, AND LUMBAGO.

LYONS, N. Y., July 4, 1861.

MESSRS. ALLCOCK & Co.:—Please send me a dollar's worth of your plasters. They have cured of a crick in my back, which has troubled me some time, and now my father is going to try t for difficulty about his heart.

L. H. SHERWOO

Dr. Green, No. 863 Broadway, New York, h m be sold, on Monday, June 23d, 1869, two to 5 young woman suffering very severely fro bago. On Thursday she called to get two a friend, and then stated how the two she l chased on Monday had relieved her imm after putting them on, and CURED HER IN T of a most distressing pain in her back and Sold by all Druggists dec1

STRANGE! STRANGE!—Full instru which any person can master the great ar TRILOQUISM by a few hours' practice. tion given or money refunded. Sent by m cents. Send and get this, and make a wo and a fortune. Address M. A. JAGGERS Illinois.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Easy Lessons in Geography—The Earth.

The earth is an old subject—we don't know how old. Wise men have endeavored to ascertain its age in various ways, and have succeeded very well, only differing in their calculations a few thousand centuries or so.

We have several reasons for writing upon the earth, the principal one being the imperfect facilities afforded for getting upon any other planet to write. Nothing prevents our writing upon the sun or the moon, except the difficulty of getting there.

The earth is the third planet in order from the sun, and the largest within the belt of the planetoids. We have wondered, sometimes, why the earth did not have a *belt* all to herself, being the Champion of the Universe.

The ancients looked upon the earth as a flat dike, swimming upon water like a piece of toast in a basin of milk. Once upon a time a lot of adventurous young ancients started out to find the jumping off place, and continuing on a straight line, they were astonished to find themselves on the very spot whence they started. They informed their parents of the circumstances, and they, after about a century of painful and laborious thought upon the subject, came to the conclusion that the earth must be round, "because if it aint," triumphantly asked a jolly old ancient, "how could the boys ha' got *around* it?" There was no getting around that, and the earth has been of a spherical form ever since.

It is estimated that about two-thirds of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Although millions of living creatures slake their thirst daily, the quantity of water has not been materially diminished for centuries past, at least not since the introduction of whiskey shops, which prove a great saving of water, and are therefore of immense benefit to navigation.

The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is 96,000,000 of miles, and the least distance something over 94,000,000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two, by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in running, and reduce the expense very materially. Any railroad man will tell you that.

The mean distance from the earth to the sun is 95,000,000 miles, which is no *mean* distance, either, when you try to walk it.

The earth moves round the sun from west to east, consuming 365 days and 6 hours in every revolution, travelling nights and Sundays. Joshua, it will be remembered by some of our oldest citizens, once commanded the sun to stand still, and she is standing, *still*. It ain't every fool of a planet that can get *around* the sun. The earth does it, however. She would get around most anything.

The earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day. The earth and her axis were thick as peas together at one time, but one day the earth got down on her axis and *turned* on it.

It is revolutions of the earth that make night and day, to everybody but printers and editors who work on morning papers—it is *all day* with them.

After digging a certain depth into the bowels of the earth the temperature becomes warm, and it grows warmer as you *worm* to your work, so that at the depth of thirty miles, (as we are informed by a gentleman who dug that distance one July morning,) everything is like molten iron at a white heat. There is good reason for believing that people who cheat the printer, and who try to get into shows without paying for it, are sent thirty miles into the depth of the earth when they die.

The earth is not such a dismal place to live upon as many try to make it out. So far as our knowledge extends—and we probably know as much about it as anybody—it is far preferable to any of her sister planets as a permanent residence. At least, we are satisfied with it, and intend to remain here as long as we are "on earth."

Josh Billings on Owls.

Josh Billings says of owls:—

Birds is God's choristers.

Tew the lion he gave majesty; tew the elephant, strength; tew the fox, cunning; and tew the tiger, deceit. But tew the burds, his pets, he gave piety and song.

And none so blest as the owl.

The owl is a game burd; he can whip anything that wears feathers—after dark.

He is a wise burd, and hoots at most things.

He is a sollemn burd, a cross between a justice of the peace and a country supervisor.

He is a stiff burd, and sits up as stiff as an exclamation point.

He is a luxurious burd, and feeds on spring chickens.

He is a long-lived burd, and never was known to take death natrally.

He is a hardy burd, and grows tuff by bilein'.

He is an honest burd, and always shoo an open countenance.

He is a prompt burd, and satisfies at once his outstanding bill.

He is a comfortable burd, and always sleeps in feathers.

He is an attentive burd, and durin' the day can always be found in.

He is a festive burd, and don't come home till morning.

Thus the owl is a mistaken emblem of solitude and sadness, if we dig into his nature closely, is emphatically one of the boys, and belongs to the club.

JACK'S BLUNDERS.—A noted character is Jack Gill. He delights in (mis) quoting words of the sphere of his learning. Some years ago, his house took fire from a cooking-stove. When it was extinguished, he was delivering himself of the pent-up wrath generated thereby, and concluded by saying—

"I'm confound the man that first convented a cooking-stove anyhow!"

Having a difficulty with a neighbor which was about to terminate in a suit at law, he thus addressed his opponent—

"Mr. A——, I am willin' to leave this matter to three *interested* persons, and bind myself to *abide* by their *incision!*"

A MISFORTUNE.—Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortunes of a black year in her family said: "Let me see, sir; first, we lost Gillian: and then Jenny; and then the brandy died; and then the cow died, and then the dog died; but, to be sure, *her* hide brought fifteen shillings."

A PASSION FOR ASTRONOMY.—VIEWING THE METEORS.

A California Side-Show.

A novel way of raising money is thus described by the State Fair reporter in California:

"Among the side-shows, the favorite after the gambling hells, of course, is a tent within which is a happy-looking woman, stout of build and voluble as a parrot—a woman forty years old, dressed in a powerful head-dress, and a balmoral skirt. She stands in a ring three feet in diameter, and any speculator who wants to pay twenty-five cents for a chance may stand beside her and strike her with all his force with a large, long-handled mallet, which is covered with sacking, and, if he knocks her out of the ring, he gets three dollars for it. They don't hit her on the head. She has never been knocked out yet, perhaps. The man at the door has high ideas of real estate values in California. His constant cry is: 'Come up, come up, and take a chance! Only two bits; and if you knock her out, you get three dollars! Think of it! Three dollars! 'nough to buy a ranch!'"

EFFECTS OF CLEANLINESS.—With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves and put their plumage in order! And how perfectly neat, clean and elegant do they appear! Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment; and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness on man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.—*Count Rumford.*

☞ If you have any money or clothing which you can readily do without, send it to some charitable institution as a contribution towards alleviating the miseries the poor experience during winter. Remember, that however small your donation, it is always welcome.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FERTILITY IN FUTURE.

More than two hundred years ago a French *savant*, who thought profoundly and investigated causes and effects, declared his conviction that one day in the future an agent of fertility would be discovered and applied to the soil, acting precisely in the manner that leaven does upon a mass of dough, lightening and raising, separating particles, and thereby inducing the best condition of fertility. A little later Jethro Tull, England's pioneer ploughman, contended in favor of deep ploughing and thorough disintegration of the soil as the surest, cheapest and most direct means of maximum fertility.

Old Jethro and the older *savant* of the Department of the Loire were both in the right—one in practice, the other in theory. Both set forth a true philosophical principle. One would produce fertility by fermentation, making of the cultivated surface of the earth an immense batch of leavened soil. The other would and did in practice come at the same results by aeration. The British ploughman's practice was a long time kept in remembrance by ridicule, until there came an era of deeper, better reasoning, when gradually it came into favor, and to-day is held as good agricultural gospel. The Frenchman of the Loire, less fortunate, was treated with silent contempt, and his prediction sunk into oblivion, from which it comes forth again after the lapse of a couple of centuries an agricultural truth almost accomplished. Not above three short steps, it may be but one, lie between us and the grand secret of economical fertility that once satisfactorily proven must become the universal rule.

Gradually the inventors of concentrated manures have been approaching "the point proposed," and there is little doubt but that if greed of gain had not stood so persistently before the eyes of manufacturers, inducing adulterations, we should ere now have had special manures in universal favor, and fermentation of the soil as the true principle of all fertility.

Bone, pure and in the finest state of commination, comes nearest of anything yet discovered to being the true leaven needed to produce the most rapid and vigorous growth of plants by inducing early fermentation of the soil. But some other active agent or element is wanting in connection with this bone leaven to make application to soils in all cases virtually what good yeast is to a batch of bread—fertilizing, not by bulk of manure, but by quick fermentation. What is it? As at present advised, we say one of the chemical acids or an alkali. Probably both. But which of them? That is to be determined. Let us all set about the discovery, and having found it, make ourselves and the agricultural world masters of the secret of successful and economical universal fertility.

KILL OFF THE MICE.

Many valuable young trees and shrubs are annually frozen to death during our severe winters, because their proprietors do not dare to protect them by comfortable straw jackets, knowing that if they do they will have made a winter homestead for a family of piratical mice, whose teeth will prove as surely destructive to the sheltered trees as the sharp fangs of Jack Frost himself. That does not follow as an inevitable necessity. Exterminate the mischievous mites of rodents. Mice are pretty little dears, but for all that ought not to be permitted to gnaw things to death as they often do. So, kill them without mercy. You can destroy at trifling cost more mice in a week than will breed about the place in three years. Go about it in this way: Get an ounce of reliable phosphorus in powder—melt half a pound of rich cheese; then mix up phosphorus, melted cheese, three or four ounces of corn meal and a gill of mucilage into a stiff dough. Divide into pills the size of a large pea, and when you put straw jackets on the young trees, place inside among the straw where they will remain dry, a dozen or so of the pills. The mice will smell them out and get at them directly after coming into their new house, and in half an hour they will be dead mice. The pills are just as effective in closets, pantries and all nooks and corners infested with mice, and are fatal food for rats, roaches, and almost all sorts of vermin.

WINTER WORK.

There is work enough to occupy all leisure time profitably, notwithstanding there is no cultivating of crops, cutting of grain, gathering in of hay, and ploughing and seeding to be gone on with. Why, there are chores and odds and ends enough about the house, barn, stables, out-houses, fences and garden to engage you a whole month. Just look about. There is that loose board on the barn, whing whanging when the wind blows. In two or three days it will drop off, and there may be as much damage to hay or grain as saved would pay for a week's labor. Nail that board fast this very day.

There's a nasty slough—mud-hole—right in the path to the barn. Fill that up or drain it dry. Don't leave it for a break-neck park when frozen and an inch or so of ice covers the sliding surface. Then there are chinks that need battening about the stable, hen house and pig pen. Nail on battens, shut out the cold, make your dumb dependents comfortable, and save five times the value of labor expended in feed. There are ten panels of garden fence all a skew-if, wee-waw, ready to blow flat down. Look to that. Finding a post rotted off, stick in a new one, the sound ones set upright, and ram them there firmly. Re-nail rails and palings, and in an hour or two make those ten panels about equal to new.

There is a breach in the top of the kitchen chimney. Bricks have been tumbling off these two years. It looks thriftless that way. People make remarks about it as they pass; besides, the draught is almost annihilated when the wind is northwest. Kitchen smokes, stove don't draw, dinner comes late, wife scolds, you growl, and there is domestic war. A half hour, or at most an hour, will cure all that. Make up a basket of mortar, gather up the loose bricks lying scattered about, get out that old trowel, put to the stack ladder and go right up and build up that chimney top. You can do it just as well as a bricklayer, and thus end the war.

There are ever so many odds and ends that need attending to. Hunt them up and attend to them during all this pleasant weather, and when the storm drives you in-doors, take to corn shelling and sawing, splitting and piling up snug fire wood. You can better do it during the winter than next spring, when ploughing and planting and divers field necessities are calling imperatively for every one of your daylight hours; besides, it is a relic of barbarism to leave the sawing and splitting of fire wood to wives and daughters and hired girls. They have always more than enough of their own work to attend to without slaving at yours. Aim to make men of yourselves and women, not slaves of your wives and daughters.

SCIONS, VINES, AND CUTTINGS.

Horticulturists, pomologists, and veteran vine growers tell us positively that grafts and cuttings of vines and plants, cut in the fall may be carried through the winter without in the least effecting their vitality, by keeping them in a cool cellar.

Now we are not going to question authority so unquestionably respectable, but respectfully submit to the public our opinion that as a scion or cutting cannot be kept always in a cellar, however dark and cool it may be, is it not reasonable to suppose that it must of necessity lose something of its vitality during the three, or four, or five months it remains housed in a cellar. We know that a live limb cut from a tree, begins to wither and die pretty soon after separation from the parent stock, and individually we shall ask better evidence than the mere say so of any one, of the possibility of keeping scions and cuttings through several months without any loss of vigor or vitality. They will grow under such conditions. There is no question of that. But will they not grow with better life and vigor if transferred from stock to stock, or from parent to the earth with as brief an interval between cutting and grafting or planting as possible? We have made a good many experiments with a view of getting at the truth, and as at present instructed, such is our opinion.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— Farmers differ as widely as doctors. Two of them write from the same neighborhood. One says:—"*Our* corn is not half a crop. Loose on the cob, unsound, shrivelled, and light weight." The other says:—"*My* corn is the best I have ever raised—bright, sound, large ears, plump grain, and three pounds to the bushel over weight." Probably both these farmers had more to do with the making of their corn than the season had.

—— Maine has within her boundaries a territory bigger than Maryland, that under proper conditions will yield seventy-five bushels of sound, shelled, yellow corn per acre—always—every year.

—— The potato starch factories in the whole are destroying potatoes at the rate of about three thousand bushels per day. That is taking potatoes out of our mouths and putting them into our linen rather too liberally.

—— The Kentucky tobacco crop is the biggest and best that Kentucky has ever had.

—— Paschall Morris has on exhibition a Chester county beet weighing sixteen pounds, and wants to see some one beat that beet. Our friend O. W., of Montgomery, thinks he can, if he can get a stump puller to jerk one of his Perkiomen beets out.

RECEIPTS.

YEAST (UNRIVALLED)—On Monday morning, boil 2 oz. of the best hops in four quarts of water a half hour. Strain it, and let the liquor cool down to the warmth of new milk. Then put in a small handful of salt and ½ lb. brown sugar. Beat up 1 lb. good flour with some of the liquor, and then mix all well together and let it stand till Wednesday. Then add 3 lbs. of potatoes, boiled and mashed through a colander. Stand until Thursday, when strain and bottle it, and it is fit for use. It must be stirred frequently while it is making, and kept near the fire. Before using it, shake the bottle up well. It will keep in a cool place two months, and is best at the latter part of the time. The beauty of this yeast is that it ferments spontaneously, not requiring the aid of other yeast; and if care be taken to let it ferment well in the earthen bowl in which it is made, you may cork it up tight when bottled. This quantity fills four large Seltzer bottles.

MILLVILLE NICE CAKE FOR BREAKFAST.—Save a piece of dough from the last kneading of the bread. Set it away down cellar, and at tea or breakfast time roll it out thin and bake on a griddle and serve *hot*. L. H.

HARRICO MUTTON is much the same as beef stew. Or a gravy might be made from stock, or fry the vegetables first, and strain them from the fat, then mix flour, water, and burnt sugar, pepper and salt; strain it and make it boil in the frying-pan, then put the vegetables and liquor together into a saucepan, and let it boil for half an hour. Get some tender chops, free them from fat, and trim them (the fat will fry the vegetables, the trimmings will go to the stock pot,) broil them over a clear fire, or fry them by putting them well floured into boiling fat and turning them frequently, then when they are cooked set them in a dish and pour the vegetables over them, and serve hot. If chops be cut from cooked mutton, then they must stew slowly two hours with the vegetables, as meat is always hard when once cooked.

HASHED MUTTON.—Cut the meat in thin slices, and take away all the fat. Mix two tablespoonsful of flour, a grate of nutmeg and a little pepper, roll the meat in this till it is quite covered, put it in a pie-dish, add a little gravy, stock, or water, till just level with the meat; shred finely some onions, put in the top, cover with a well-fitting flat dish, and bake two hours. A basin covered with a plate or in a saucepan will do equally well. The reason why a saucepan is not preferable for hashes or stews is that the heat does not surround the saucepan so equally as it does in an oven.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—Among the many substitutes for coffee which I have seen recommended and used, writes a correspondent, I have as yet found only one that, to my taste, approaches the real berry, and that is sweet potato. If mixed in equal quantities the presence of the potato can hardly be detected. Take the small ones, unfit for market, wash them clean, then cut in pieces about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and dry them in the oven. When thoroughly dry, put away in a box or tin can, and when required for use the pieces are browned with the coffee and ground in the same manner.

SPANISH BUNS.—Five eggs, well beaten; cut up in a cup of warm new milk, half a pound of good butter, one pound of sifted flour, and a wineglassful of good yeast; stir these well together; set it to rise for an hour, in rather a warm place; when risen, sift in half a pound of white sugar and half a grated nutmeg; add one wineglass of wine and brandy, mixed, one wineglass of rose-water, and one cupful of currants, which have been cleaned. Mix these well, pour it into pans, and set it to rise again for half an hour. Then bake one hour. Icing is a great improvement to their appearance.

WATERPROOF.—The following plan of rendering tissues waterproof is said to be very effective:—Plunge the fabric into a solution containing 20 per cent. of soap, and afterwards into another solution containing the same percentage of sulphate of copper; wash the fabric, and the operation is finished. An indissoluble stearate margarate, or oleate of copper, is formed in the interstices of the tissue, which thus becomes impervious to moisture. This process is particularly recommended for rick cloths and awnings.—*Journal of the Society of Arts.*

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 109 letters.

My 1, 14, 61, 27, 38, 45, 50, 11, 65, 100, is a river in Virginia.

My 17, 37, 45, 53, 70, 81, 101, 49, is a group of islands east of Asia.

My 31, 106, 20, 13, 2, 83, 68, 95, is a country in Europe.

My 3, 86, 104, 85, 29, is a town in Ohio.

My 99, 52, 19, 97, 72, 12, 55, 64, 43, 59, is a volcano on one of the Caribbee islands.

My 91, 9, 78, 42, 84, 14, 48, 34, 26, 57, is a lake in Switzerland.

My 4, 103, 75, 40, is a river in Scotland.

My 109, 80, 7, 101, 18, 35, 55, is a cape north of Europe.

My 54, 32, 90, 21, is a county in Ohio.

My 16, 102, 6, 44, 49, 77, 94, 28, 24, 58, 89, is the capital of one of the United States.

My 10, 22, 73, 93, 88, is a group of islands north-west of Europe.

My 25, 79, 76, 39, 92, 58, 66, 69, 108, 30, 105, is a county in Indiana.

My 60, 86, 31, 47, 67, is a river in Scotland.

My 33, 18, 67, 107, 3, 15, 82, 63, 71, 74, 87, 98, is a town in Ohio.

My 41, 96, 5, 62, 37, 23, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

My whole is a beautiful prize, and how to obtain it. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Supposing a field containing 12 acres in grain, being a parallelogram, and the perimeter, measured around the 4 sides thereof, measuring 188 perches. I am entitled to ⅓ acres of the grain thereof, to harvest for my own use. Will any mathematician inform me through the columns of the Post how *broad* I may reap off around the field, equal breadth from all the four sides thereof, to harvest my part and no more?

AUGUSTUS.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three poles each 50 feet long were erected on a plain so that the upper ends met, and the lower ends were 60 feet apart. What length of rope is required to reach from their point of meeting to the ground.

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose I drop a stone into a well, and a line measuring 25 inches to the centre of a leaden ball attached to it, made 5 vibrations before I heard the stone strike the bottom of the well. What was the depth of the well; time of the stone's descent; and of the sound's ascent?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What lady paints portraits? Ans.—Minnie Ture.

☞ What lady paints comic ones? Ans.—Carrie K. Ture.

☞ What lady is much talked of? Ans.—Amelia Ration.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—England. ENIGMA—George Washington. ANAGRAM—

"Rough March comes blustering down the road,
In his wrath-hand the oxen's goad;
Or with a rough and angry haste,
Scatters the seed o'er the dark waste."

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, of Sept. 22nd—The required numbers are 593760-9281841,186178788081,270708031673?1 and 81108054012001. Their sum is 127734345049-444. These numbers were communicated to me over two years ago by Dr. David S. Hart, of Stonington, Conn. Artemas Martin.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of Sept. 29th—The area of the field is 4,48884 acres. A. Martin.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of Oct. 6th—The hands of the watch must include an angle of 45 degrees. They will make an angle of 45 degrees with each other, 8 minutes and 10 10-11 seconds after they are *together*. If the hands are together at 12, they will form the required angle with each other 8 minutes and 10 10-11 seconds after 12. Artemas Martin.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of Oct. 20th—12 cheeses, 18 hens, and 108 eggs. M. Martin; S. A. Kennedy, and O. B. Crum.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—16½. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to PROBLEM by T. T. Watson, of Oct. 27th—A should have 4 dollars, and B 1 dollar. T. T. Watson; A. Martin; L. L. Williams; and Francis M. Priest.

Answer to Percival Jewett's PROBLEM of Oct. 27th—$90 12 pence Federal money, the first requested answer; $5 15-17 per cent. per annum, the Pennsylvania currency; $6 44 51 per cent. per annum, the New England currency. Daniel Diefenbach. Interest, $79,43875; first rate per cent. 5 15-17, and second rate per cent. 6 5-102. A. Martin. Rate of first, 5,882353112644; rate of second, 6,862745298064; interest in Federal money, $90.12397321524084. L. L. Williams.

☞ The Columbus (Ohio) Statesman says that one H. M. Taylor, hailing from Vermont, lately sold to some citizens of Alton, Franklin Co., Ohio, what purported to be some splendid black Spanish bucks. The first rain that came, however, washed off their hue, and they proved to be ordinary white "scrubs." Taylor was arrested and sent to jail in default of $500 bail.

☞ There is one advantage in being a blockhead—you are never attacked with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can worry he ceases to be a fool.